

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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"BLESS DAT MAN!"

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY L. E. OFFUTT, MEMPHIS, TENN.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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The Victorian Epoch.

(Contributed Article to Leslie's Weekly.)



PROFESSOR JOHN FISKE, THE MOST EMINENT AMERICAN HISTORIAN.

THE reign of Victoria marks one of the most extraordinary epochs in the history of the human race. The *Statesmen's Year Book* for 1897 collected a vast number of facts illustrating the material progress that the world had made in the sixty years since the Queen's accession, and the effect of the total was extremely impressive.

First and plainest of all was the mere increase in the dimensions of the British empire, as shown upon a Mercator chart. This expansion has been intimately connected with the growth of British commerce, and thus has served as a kind of measure of the share which British energy has been taking in the world's work during the nineteenth century.

From a material point of view the most important feature in this world's work of the nineteenth century has been the creation of mechanical power for the furtherance of human ends. Formerly man eked out his small endowment of physical strength by subjecting to his uses the giant strength of horses and oxen, singly or in numbers. The prehistoric epoch, when he learned how to do this, is universally regarded as one of the most important moments in the whole career of mankind.

Man, without domestic cattle, as, for example, the Australian or the Andaman islander, is a very helpless creature. One chief reason why aboriginal America advanced so much more slowly in civilization than the Old World was the absence of horses and oxen. Among nearly all Old-World people wealth was for many ages reckoned in cattle, and to this day the mechanical force of a machine is very commonly reckoned in units of horse-power.

Now before the Victorian age great advances had been made along the old lines. The stage-coach driven by Tony Weller was a far more perfect instrument than the ox-cart of Homeric times. The powers of wind upon the water and of running water upon the land had long been harnessed into the service of the simpler mechanical agencies, so that, with pulleys and levers and wheel-and-axle, ships could be guided over seas and mills kept grinding; and in such ways a great fabric of commercial civilization had been wrought.

In the time of Victoria's grandfather the first wholesale creation of mechanical power by the human mind occurred when James Watt used the expansive energy of steam to drive an engine. When Victoria came to the throne this mighty invention had already borne fruit in the spinning-machine and power-loom, and in the propulsion of steam-boats; while on land, in sovereign disregard of ancient pathways, the lines of rail were beginning to run hither and thither, and the iron horse was in his sturdy infancy. At that same time another and still more wonderful creation of mechanical energy, the electric telegraph, was approaching completion—the first in a series of inventions which have made the later chapters of science read like a fairy tale, until to-day we transmute the momentum of Niagara Falls into electric energy that affords light and heat and tractive force for the myriad uses of a great city. These vast and sudden developments of physical science are at the bottom of all the social and political life of the Victorian age. They have made the world more compact and manageable than ever before, so that you can go around the globe in much less time than it took Julius Caesar to go the length of the Mediterranean, and with far less inconvenience and peril.

These inventions made it possible for the United States to come out victorious from its great Civil War, and they add indefinitely to the cohesive tenacity of the widespread British empire. Their tendency has been toward the building up of immense business enterprises, enlisting the

(Continued on page 179.)

Trouble Ahead.

TROUBLE of the gravest character may arise from the situation of affairs in Cuba, unless a strong hand takes the helm. If it comes it will be the result of two very serious mistakes, one made at Washington and the other at Paris. The first and worse mistake was the adoption by Congress of Senator Teller's resolution, virtually declaring that we would have no further business in Cuba after we had driven out its Spanish oppressors. The second was the failure of our peace commissioners at Paris to make Spain responsible for the enormous debt of Cuba, aggregating between \$700,000,000 and \$800,000,000.

Accepting Senator Teller's resolution as conclusive, the constitutional convention at Havana has proceeded to draft a document that utterly ignores the United States. It does not even express gratitude to this country for the bloody sacrifice it made to rescue the Cuban people. The adoption of the constitution and its recognition and acceptance by the government of the United States, with Cuba practically bankrupt, would leave the island at the mercy of the Cuban bond-holders, mostly Spanish and French investors. The failure of the Cuban government to pay this debt naturally would be followed by demands on the part of the Spanish and French governments, backed by the display of force, for the payment of Cuba's obligations.

Cuba has no navy, no army, and no resources, and its only hope would be that the United States would come to its rescue. The obligations of the Monroe doctrine also would compel our attention to the case, and whether this would mean a new war with Spain, with France as the latter's ally, remains to be conjectured. The outcome of such a situation would be neither pleasant nor profitable.

Of course the base ingratitude of Cuba is conspicuous. Does it justify a different interpretation of the Teller resolution than has been heretofore placed upon it? Beyond question. It was deemed impossible that the Cuban people could forget their obligation, expressed or implied, to the United States, for Cuba cannot afford to declare its independence of us unless it anticipates the protection of some other great Power, and that would be intolerable. It is not surprising that this matter is giving great perplexity to President McKinley, and that he insists that Congress must share the responsibilities of an embarrassing situation. Nor is it surprising that many members of Congress are entirely willing to leave the President to bear the burden.

Congress should not hesitate to declare in the most forcible terms, that the new Cuban constitution must be drafted on lines satisfactory to the American people. The order of General Wood, providing for the election of a constitutional convention in Cuba, recited that one of the purposes of the convention was "to provide for and agree with the government of the United States, upon the relations to exist between that government and the government of Cuba." This requirement has been completely ignored. There is, therefore, justification for the demand made by Senator Dewey that the Cubans put into their constitution a provision giving the United States control of their finances, giving us a naval base on the island, the right to fortify desirable places and to man and manage our fortifications, and the right to establish and control a modern scientific system of sanitation for the protection alike of the Cubans and ourselves.

The purpose of Congress has not been fully disclosed at this writing, but there is no doubt of the purpose of President McKinley to secure positive assurances that Cuba's new constitution will provide a stable government and not one that will invite anarchy and despotism, and that it will satisfactorily define the relations between Cuba and the United States. Several Republican Senators favor a constitutional declaration by Cuba of adequate protection to the life and property of Spaniards resident on the island; a pledge not to recognize the bonded debt of Spain, which it was sought to fasten on Cuba during the closing days of Spain's sovereignty; the reimbursement in part to the United States for the cost of the Spanish war; and, finally, and most important perhaps of all, control by the United States of all foreign treaties made by Cuba.

It is easy to see that out of the complicated situation in Cuba grave foreign difficulties may arise, if meddling nations are disposed to create them. Their troubles at home may keep their hands off, but it is unfortunate, as we said at the outset, that the mistake of adopting the Teller resolution was made, and that it was followed by the second mistake of our peace commissioners in failing to place upon Spain the full responsibility for the Cuban debt.

The Plain Truth.

NOTHING more surely indicates the solid and enduring character of the prosperity which has come to the new South than the figures showing the tremendous growth of the cotton industry in recent years. The value of the cotton-seed oil product alone has reached enormous proportions. In the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1900, over \$25,500,000 was realized from the export of cotton-seed oil, and it is estimated that the manufactured products of seed-oil consumed at home amounted in value to at least \$10,000,000 more. And this whole industry has grown up in the past thirty years. Before that time cotton-seed, aside from that used for planting, was regarded as little better than waste, its only value being as a fertilizer. As the contents of a cotton-boll consists of about two-thirds seed and only one-third lint, the value of the process by which the seed has been converted into an important marketable commodity can be readily understood. It is worth millions every year to the Southern States.

Few people outside of the newspaper profession realize what a large and indispensable factor the camera has come to be in recent years in periodical literature of all kinds. Photographic illustration is more and more regarded as a valuable and attractive feature of almost every kind of writing, including news events, stories, poems, travel sketches, and personal items. Even the oldest and most conservative religious weeklies are recognizing the public demand for good photographic portraiture, and are embellishing their columns and re-enforcing their sermonettes and meditative selections with the best ob-

tainable work of the camera. These observations are suggested, in part, by an excellent article in the *New York Journalist*, on "The Camera as an Aid," in which the writer enumerates the many advantages of the camera as a mechanical aid to all persons engaged in magazine or newspaper service. As this writer truly says, the availability of an article offered for publication on any one of a wide variety of topics often depends largely upon the number and artistic excellence of the illustrations accompanying it. The happy and successful combination is found where both text and illustrations are full of life and present human interest. Work of this kind runs little danger of being "turned down" in any editorial office.

Only a man with the courage of his convictions in a rare degree would have stood up as Governor Odell did one evening recently and stoutly defended the action of the famous Seventh Regiment of the New York National Guard in refusing to enter the volunteer service in the Spanish-American War unless it could go in as an organization. The proposal was that the members should volunteer individually, which would have led, it was believed, to their being scattered among many military organizations. The Seventh Regiment insisted on maintaining its identity and the result was that it remained at home. This action subjected the Seventh Regiment to much severe criticism at the time, and it was even accused of cowardice and disloyalty. Subsequent events, however, have practically reversed public judgment on this question and vindicated the regiment. In the opinion of Governor Odell, the request that the members of the national guard should volunteer individually was "unmilitary and unnecessary." The guard was maintained, he said, to perform duty by organizations and not each man for himself. The contrary policy, followed in the Spanish-American War, so weakened the national guard that it has not yet recovered. The Seventh Regiment has had a long and brilliant career, and there is not a stain upon its record, despite the efforts of some of its critics to place one there.

It looks as if the Chinese minister at Washington, Wu Ting-fang, had got what is ordinarily termed "a big head," in consequence of the lavish and not ill-deserved praises heaped upon him for his admirable public speeches at dinners and other notable functions during the past year. Either this, or else for a moment he forgot the customary courtesy of the Chinese, when he wrote, in reply to a polite invitation to attend the dinner given by the Society of the Genesee to General Otis, a most discourteous and offensive letter. It was discourteous to the society, and it was offensive to the society's leading guest, Major-General Otis, and it is hardly a question that it was equally offensive to the President of the United States. Minister Wu said he was obliged to decline the invitation, despite his great admiration for General Otis as a military commander and his respect for him as a gentleman, because that, while the military Governor of the Philippines, "he committed an egregious error, and did great injustice to the Chinese by introducing the Chinese exclusion act into the Philippines, which stirred up race prejudice and did harm to those islands." The minister added: "I believe General Otis acted upon the ill-advice of some one." Of course this could mean no other than the administration, of which the President is the responsible head. The trifling incident may not justify the administration in calling Minister Wu's attention to this glaring and utterly unjustifiable violation of official courtesies, but, nevertheless, the violation is apparent upon its face, and Minister Wu should give further evidence that he is a superior sample of the Chinese gentleman by frankly tendering an apology, not only to the President of the United States, not only to Major-General Otis, but also to the president of the Genesee Society, the Hon. Job Hedges.

No one doubts the absolute sincerity of Governor Odell, nor questions his purpose to give to the people of New York State a business administration. At the recent dinner of the New York Wholesale Clothiers' Association the Governor said that "Equitable taxation is one of the most important issues that confront the people of this State." This is true, and no doubt Governor Odell will be one of the first to acknowledge, in the light of the facts developed at the recent hearing at Albany, that the insurance-tax bill, which imposes a tax of one per cent. on the capital stock and surplus of insurance guarantee and title corporations, is far from equitable. The drafter of the bill no doubt intended to be fair, but the proposed law would inflict severe and unnecessary hardships not only on the insurance companies themselves, but chiefly on their policy-holders, who, after all, essentially constitute the companies. This fact was made very evident by Emory McClintock, the actuary of the Mutual Life, when he said that if the tax were imposed the holders of deferred dividend policies would only get three per cent., which would not be their due, for when the contracts with them were made and their policies issued the proposed new law was not in contemplation. Mr. Charlton T. Lewis, of the Mutual Life, showed that the policy of New York State in exempting life-insurance companies from severe taxation aided mechanics and farmers, to whom the taxable funds of the companies are constantly loaned. Gage E. Tarbell, of the Equitable, said that three-quarters of the surplus of the insurance companies belongs to the policy-holders. The Equitable paid, he added, \$4,000,000 out of its surplus last year to its policy-holders, so that really the latter would have to bear the tax. If this State imposed the tax other States could do likewise, and thus life-insurance companies could be taxed out of existence. A strong argument was made by Mr. Hornblower, of the New York Life, in his statement that the tax on the entire surplus would be unjust because it would tax what belonged to policy-holders in other States and countries for the benefit of the State of New York, and he stated that "a very large part of the amount termed surplus is really a safety fund against the probable or most certain further shrinkage of the rates of interest. It would seem as if these arguments were absolutely conclusive. We believe that they are, and that Governor Odell and those who have advocated the new tax measure will not hesitate to concede that fact. The new measure obviously is inconsistent with any system of "equitable taxation."

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—THE two most prominent figures in South African affairs since the outbreak of the Boer war, on the British side, have been the men who appear in this illustration, one as a military leader, and the other as a leader in political and diplomatic proceedings.



EARL ROBERTS AND SIR ALFRED MILNER, THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH ARMY AND THE HIGH COMMISSIONER OF SOUTH AFRICA.

From the London Sphere.

In his position as high commissioner of Great Britain in negotiations with President Kruger at Bloemfontein and elsewhere, when efforts were made to settle the troubles in the Transvaal without resorting to arms. Failing in that, Sir Alfred has been active since the war began in the administrative duties of his office as Governor of Cape Colony, a position rendered specially onerous and difficult from the fact of the strong pro-Boer sympathies of the colonists and the open disloyalty of many of them. Recently, Sir Alfred has been transferred to the equally difficult post of Governor of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, the subjugated (?) territories annexed to the British crown. He still retains his office also as high commissioner of South Africa. As for General Roberts, the hero of many wars and the idol of the English people, what can be said of him that has not already been written? His recent return to London from South Africa was the occasion of a popular demonstration such as England never accorded to any other man in all her history. The title of earl was conferred upon him by the government, and other honors and dignities the highest in the gift of England. The late Queen Victoria held General Roberts in the highest esteem, and no one gave him a more cordial welcome on his homecoming than her Majesty.

—Long before the American government had taken charge of the affairs of Cuba the quartermaster's department of the United States Army was represented in Havana, preparing for the coming of the "army of occupation." It was at the very beginning of September, 1898, before the commission of evacuation, consisting of General James F. Wade, Admiral Sampson, and General Butler, had conferred with Captain-General Blanco regarding the terms of the evacuation of Cuba by the Spanish army and authorities, that Colonel Williams, of the quartermaster's department, gave up his life for his country and died—one of the first American victims to yellow fever, which later was to play such havoc in the rank and file of the United States Army in Cuba, as well as among the civilians who braved the tropics at that season. Colonel Williams' death, so sudden, and followed as it was by that of a dozen other Americans in rapid succession, made Havana an uninviting place for officers. The soldier's instinct was strong, however, in the breast of a young officer, and, as destiny would have it, Captain Chauncey B. Baker, and, as destiny would have it, Captain Chauncey B. Baker was ordered to Havana and assumed the responsible duties of depot quartermaster. After about a year and a half of the most arduous work, and at a time "which tried men's souls," Captain Baker's services received recognition and he was given a major's commission. Then began the war in China, and Lieutenant-Colonel Charles F. Humphrey, chief quartermaster for the division of Cuba, was sent to the Orient. In recognition of valuable work and a demonstration of splendid ability, Major Baker was made chief quartermaster for the division. With the exception of the Governor-General, there is no more important official in Cuba than the subject of this sketch, and surely not one who has merited and received more popularity among the people of Cuba, as well as the Americans resident there. His administration of the affairs of his department has done much to redeem the good name of the American government in the eyes of the Cuban people, who have once or twice been given occasion to look with distrust upon some of the officials sent by Uncle Sam to teach them self-government.

—When Prince Ferdinand of Roumania was married, on January 10th, 1893, to the Princess Marie, daughter of the Duke

of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, it was generally conceded that the prince had made an unusually fortunate and happy choice. The princess was known in the royal circles of Europe as one of the loveliest and most charming of young women, well fitted in every way by natural gifts, education, and training to grace a



THE PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA AND HER THREE LITTLE CHILDREN.

throne, if to such a place she should ever be called. The marriage so far, as the world knows, has not been marred by any domestic troubles, although Prince Ferdinand has been somewhat erratic in his public career. Three "olive branches" have appeared to adorn the family tree, the first a son born in 1893, the second a daughter born in 1894, and the third a daughter born in 1899. A prettier family group than that depicted in our illustration it would be hard to find. If Prince Ferdinand had no other possessions than these he might well count himself a rich and happy man.

—Certain metropolitan newspapers made a strenuous effort a few weeks ago to work up a sensational story over a small-pox case at Bridgeport, Conn., in which Dr. Samuel Gurney, a student at the Yale medical school, appeared as a prominent figure. It was stated that Dr. Gurney and his patient were left in quarantine without proper supplies, that the doctor had no communication with the outside world except by a megaphone, and that he had arranged a contrivance, trolley fashion, by which articles could be sent in to him. All this was true—with the trifling exception that there was no megaphone and no trolley, and that Dr. Gurney had every needful facility provided for him by the local authorities. The truth in this case, however, is fully as interesting as the fiction. Dr. Gurney is a clergyman and pastor of the Newfield Methodist Church of Bridgeport. He is taking a post-graduate course in the Yale medical school and fitting himself for the work of a medical missionary in the foreign field. He expects to be graduated in June, and will then go to South Africa. When a case of small-pox appeared at Bridgeport he took charge of it, with the consent of his church and the approval of the local health boards, and has handled it to the satisfaction of all concerned.



DR. SAMUEL GURNEY, THE YALE STUDENT WHO TOOK CHARGE OF A SMALL-POX CASE.

—Strenuous life has proved highly profitable to Thomas Kearns, who, after acquiring millions as the result of life and unceasing endeavor in some of the roughest mining-camps of the West, now goes to Washington as the new Senator from Utah. Mr. Kearns, who is a native of Woodstock, Ontario, is thirty-nine years old: When a boy he came over the line into this country, working for several years as a farm-hand in Nebraska, then going to Utah at the age of twenty-one. Soon after his arrival in Utah he went to Park City, where for seven years he toiled as a miner in the "Ontario" mine. At odd intervals, when time and means permitted, he prospected through the hills of Utah, becoming one of the original lessees of the "Mayflower," and one of the incorporators of the wonderfully profitable "Silver King," in which



UTAH'S NEW MULTI-MILLIONAIRE SENATOR, THOMAS KEARNS.

he is the largest stockholder, his shares representing a market value of more than \$4,000,000. Senator Kearns controls so many other mining properties that the enumeration of them would become tedious. Ever since Utah was admitted to Statehood he has been a member of the Republican State Committee, and prior to that was one of the Territorial committeemen. The new Senator, who takes office at once and holds it until March 4th, 1905, was married ten years ago to Miss Jennie Judge, of Park City, Utah.

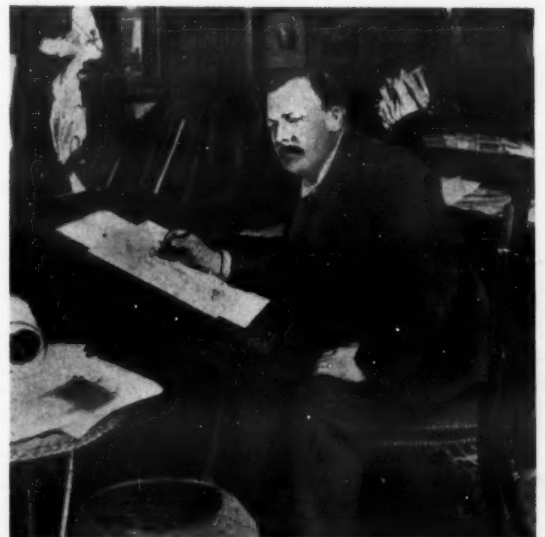
—In these days, when the persistence and ingenuity of scientists and inventors have made possible so many alleged impossibilities and brought into the realm of reality so many things that once existed only as dreams, one may be pardoned for a large degree of credulity as to further claims in the direction of marvelous and seemingly impossible achievements. With flying machines promised in the immediate future, telephone communication with Europe, and electric messages without wires to every part of the world, who shall dare to affirm that a way may not yet be found whereby the inhabitants of this planet may exchange greetings with their fellow-beings who people the stars and other worlds beyond? To be sure, the distances to these various celestial bodies are measured by millions of miles, with no air to speak of between, and the astronomers have not yet declared with certainty that any of them are habitable, as that term is understood in this part of the universe. Despite these little difficulties, however, Nikola Tesla, the eminent electrician, has gone on record recently as saying: "I am confident that the inhabitants of Mars are trying to signal to this earth." Tesla bases his confidence on recent observations which he has made from a station on one of the highest peaks of the Rockies. He has been conducting experiments at this point for some time past with wireless telegraphy and other electric devices. His studies have led him into astronomical researches also, and it was while engaged in this direction that he noted some strange disturbances on the surface of the planet Mars—wonderful flashes of light which had the appearance of signal-fires. Other scientists and astronomers generally are inclined to scout the idea of communicating with Mars, and some of them do not hesitate to affirm that Tesla's predictions in this direction are absolutely ridiculous. It is not to be forgotten, however, that Tesla has actually made some remarkable discoveries in electrical science, and the world is indebted to him for valuable inventions. Since the announcement about the signals from Mars, it has been given out that Tesla has discovered a new law in electricity, by reason of which, it is asserted, a large part of technical literature will have to be re-written. He has found that the capacity of electrical conductors is variable and not constant, as has always been supposed. If this discovery is verified it will lead to very important modifications in the methods employed by meteorologists and astronomers in making their observations.

—Every man of great and true genius is inimitable, and therefore it is not to be expected that any person will be found



NIKOLA TESLA, THE ELECTRICIAN WHO THINKS WE MAY YET TALK WITH MARS.

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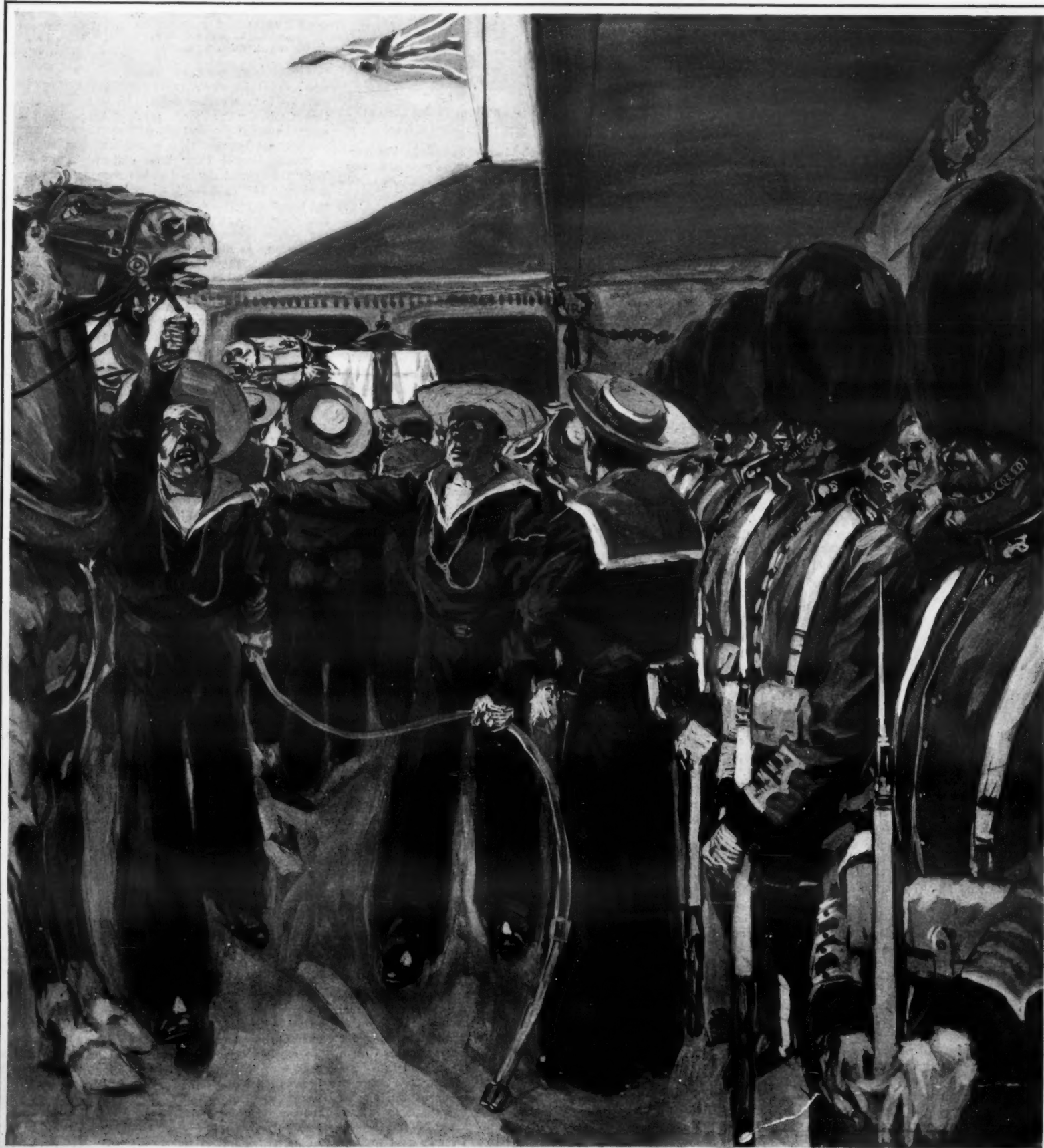


MR. EDWARD LINLEY SAMBOURNE, WHO SUCCEEDS SIR JOHN TENNIEL AS CHIEF CARTOONIST OF "PUNCH."

to "take the place," in a literal sense, left vacant by the retirement of the veteran Sir John Tenniel from the staff of *Punch*. No sensible person, however gifted he might be, would endeavor to do that. Mr. Edward Linley Sambourne, who has become chief cartoonist for *Punch*, as successor to Sir John, has already acquired a large measure of fame by his work on the same journal, and needs only to follow his own original bent to make a still greater name for himself. In certain respects, it is said, Mr. Sambourne's methods of work offer a most vivid contrast to Sir John Tenniel's. Sir John always worked direct with a pencil on the block, while Mr. Sambourne always draws with pen and ink on a sheet of cardboard. Sir John always drew his figures without a model, while Mr. Sambourne never draws a figure without a model. He always has very tall women for his models, too, after the manner of the late Du Maurier.



IN SPITE OF THE SOLEMNITY OF THE OCCASION, THE PEOPLE ENTHUSIASTICALLY GREETED THE HERO OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR, FIELD-MARSHAL ROBERTS.



EXCITING SCENE AT WINDSOR STATION, WHEN THE BLUE-JACKETS UNHARNESSED THE REFRACTORY HORSES ATTACHED TO THE GUN-CARRIAGE BEARING THE QUEEN'S REMAINS, AND THEMSELVES DREW THE CASKET TO ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

STRIKING INCIDENTS OF THE OBSEQUIES OF ENGLAND'S LAMENTED QUEEN.

DRAWN BY GORDON H. GRANT.—[SEE PAGE 178.]



THE ORNATE ALBERT MAUSOLEUM AT FROGMORE, WHERE THE QUEEN'S REMAINS WILL REST.



KING EDWARD, ACCOMPANIED BY EMPEROR WILLIAM AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.



INTERIOR OF THE MASSIVE ALBERT MAUSOLEUM AT FROGMORE.—THE BODY OF QUEEN VICTORIA, BY HER COMMAND, IS TO REST BESIDE THAT OF THE PRINCE CONSORT, UNDER THE GREAT DOME.—Drawn for "Leslie's Weekly" by T. Dart Walker.—[SEE PAGE 178.]

THE WOMAN WITH THE HATCHET!

THE REMARKABLE CRUSADE AGAINST THE SALOON WHICH MRS. CARRIE NATION IS CONDUCTING.

(Special Correspondence of Leslie's Weekly.)

KANSAS CITY, February 7th, 1901.—Out in Kansas there has arisen a new Peter the Hermit leading a new crusade. This is Mrs. Carrie Nation, the woman with the hatchet.

THE WOMAN.

There is a law on the statute-books of Kansas prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor as a beverage. And yet the towns that have neither "joints" nor open saloons are the exceptions. Mrs. Carrie Nation has started out with her hatchet to compel the enforcement of the prohibition law. Her crusade has begun to assume political importance. But where it will end the whole country is waiting to see. Perhaps in the crusader's death.

A month ago she began her task to rid Kansas of saloons and "joints." Hers has been a path of struggle and destruction, beginning at her own home in Medicine Lodge and leading into the very sanctuary of the Governor of the State. With stones and brickbats and her hatchet she has already made raids in five—and among them some of the largest—towns of Kansas. She has wrecked six Kansas saloons. She has been whipped and beaten and clubbed; she has been covered with eggs and rolled in the dust; she has been thrown into a disease-ridden jail. Yet with a body sore with bruises, with a face scarred by assault, the crusader, with her hatchet, has never stopped, has never turned aside for an instant from her single purpose. She has thrown defiance in the very teeth of an angry, threatening mob; she has slapped the faces of policemen; she has looked undimly into the barrels of a revolver, and she has defied the Governor of the State to his face.

But she has aroused the slumbering anti-saloon element to her support. Women have organized in other towns of Kansas and have wrecked saloons with hatchets. Mrs. Nation has been indorsed by the State temperance union, which subscribed \$100 to give her a gold medal in token of its approval of her course.

This new crusader is a grandmother. Her fifty-four years have made her body stooped and her hair gray. She is well educated and not unrefined. Although many years ago she knew what it was to have a drunken husband, her surroundings have been those of the home, and her life has been spent in the rearing of children. But this woman has thrown herself into the very core of vice and crime. She has appeared in the midst of the lowest and most brutal men of the community, a vigorous, aggressive, and forcible antagonist—an old woman, single-handed.

The career of Mrs. Nation is one of the most remarkable ever known. She has been called a lunatic and fanatic. The line which divides intense persistency of purpose from fanaticism is hard to locate. And fanaticism borders on lunacy. One thing is certain. Mrs. Nation is unusually quick-witted and intelligent. Her reasoning is correct, her statements logical. Threats, coaxing, persuasion are alike ineffective in turning her from her fixed purpose. And her physical courage is complete. She does not know what fear is.

THE HATCHET.

On the night after Christmas Mrs. Nation appeared in Wichita, a town of about 25,000 people. She at once visited all the "joints" and issued warnings to the proprietors. A "joint" is a product of prohibition. In Kansas it is a saloon presenting another face to the public. Ostensibly the "joint" is a restaurant, cigar-store, billiard-hall, or perhaps a barber-shop. But there is always a partition, and back of this a bar where whiskey and beer are sold.

In a hotel in Wichita there was a bar-room with a valuable painting hanging on the wall, and behind the bar a large mirror worth \$1,000. Mrs. Nation, her arms holding a load of stones, walked rapidly into this bar-room at nine o'clock one morning. A few minutes later the picture had been torn to

shreds, the plate glass broken, bottles and glasses lay in ruins on the floor. Mrs. Nation had destroyed \$2,000 worth of property; while a crowd of startled men had looked on in helplessness and wonder. A policeman passing along the street heard the commotion, entered, arrested Mrs. Nation, and took her off to jail. Her crusade had begun and her reputation was made!

THE CRUSADER.

For nearly three weeks the gray haired woman lay in the Wichita jail under a charge of malicious destruction of property. Among her fellow-prisoners was a man who had the small-pox. So the jail was closed in quarantine, and Mrs. Nation could not be taken out for trial. While she was in her cell this old grandmother spent much of her time in prayer and in reading the Bible. Her confinement did not cool her ardor, as the "jointists" had hoped. On the contrary, it seemed to augment it. And when the case against her was dropped and she was discharged from jail, the crusader had not forsaken her purpose. She left Wichita, but promised to return.

"I am not through with Wichita yet," she said; "I will not be through until all the 'joints' are closed."

And back again to Wichita she went, only five days later. She proceeded at once to the attack of two more "joints." The door of the last of these was locked, but Mrs. Nation wielded her hatchet and split out the panel of the door. The bar-tender thrust a pistol in the woman's face.

"Oh, I don't care for that," she said. "You can't stop me with a pistol. I'm in the Lord's work."

Then Mrs. Nation was pushed bodily from the room. She struggled, but the muscle of strong men was against her, and her resistance was in vain. Outside there were three city detectives with grim and determined expressions. The woman with the hatchet looked at the officers and laughed.

"What are you so fierce about?" she asked. "I ain't going to hurt you. Whom do you want to see?"

"We want you, woman," said one of the officers, grasping firmly her arm.

The woman turned and slapped him sharply on the cheek. The man in sudden rage struck Mrs. Nation a blow; but she slapped him again and again, and he submitted.

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself, to strike a woman?" she cried, tauntingly.

A mob which had gathered hooted and cheered. After that the woman was led to the police-station, but was released by the chief of police.

Although Mrs. Nation has destroyed thousands of dollars' worth of property, an action in court has never been maintained against her. She is protected by this theory: "Joints" are illegal; therefore they do not come within the protection of the law. In destroying the property of "joints" Mrs. Nation, therefore, commits no crime. This theory is soon to be tested in the State Supreme Court of Kansas.

THE REPULSE.

The woman with the hatchet, the "joint" smasher, as she is called, appeared next without warning at Enterprise, Kan., a town much smaller than Wichita. And it was there that Mrs. Nation received her first severe injuries; and they were inflicted by persons of her own sex. The village was in a whirlwind of excitement. Mrs. Nation, supported by women of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and armed with her hatchet, walked down the main street of the town at night. A "joint" was located. Its door was locked, but Mrs. Nation shattered the glass front with her hatchet and climbed in. There she broke mirrors and every bottle of liquor in the place. Finally the city marshal appeared and took away the crusader's hatchet.

As the result of this "smashing," Mrs. Nation nearly met death. The next morning (January 24th) she and several mem-

bers of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union were on the street talking to the keeper of another "joint," and the crusader was delivering an emphatic temperance lecture. A crowd had gathered, and there were cries and jeers against her. Some of them yelled "Lynch her!" Then out of the noisy crowd burst four women. Three of them had rawhide whips, and had been employed to thrash the crusader; and the fourth was Mrs. Schilling, whose husband's "joint" had been wrecked the night before.

"You ruined my husband's business," cried this woman, and she caught Mrs. Nation's shoulder.

The women with the whips pushed forward. The crowd was cheering, and men were urging the women on. All was confusion, but Mrs. Nation could be seen struggling with the



MRS. CARRIE NATION ADDRESSING THE CROWD IN FRONT OF A "JOINT" AT TOPEKA.

others, and the whips were falling ferociously on her head, shoulders, and back. She was pulled from the sidewalk into the street; and then Mrs. Schilling struck Mrs. Nation in the eye, a strong blow with her fist. Overpowered by the others, the older woman fell and rolled in the dust of the street.

"Now," screamed the joint-keeper's wife—"now will you break up my husband's business again?"

Then she burst into tears and hurried to her husband, who stood in the crowd of men watching the struggle. The joint-keeper's wife threw her arms about her husband's neck.

"There," she sobbed, "I have done what you told me to. I gave her one good lick."

But the fight continued. The women were whipping her, and Mrs. Nation held her arms over her face. The crowd swayed back and forth with the movement of the struggling women. Mrs. Nation gave a muffled call for help.

"Pull these women off from me!" she cried, but her voice was small in the confusion.

At last some of the women in the crowd interfered and men helped to separate the combatants, and Mrs. Nation was rescued. She arose from the gutter with her bonnet cut and torn, her gray hair pulled down, and her dress covered with dust. But she was not in the least disconcerted. She stepped to the sidewalk, threw out her hands to command silence, and began a lecture on temperance, without a quaver in her voice.

The crowd had been worked up into a frenzy, and few of them would listen. The crusader stopped talking. She walked coolly to the home of Mrs. Hoffman, a member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, tied a piece of raw beefsteak over her swollen eye, and then returned to her place on the sidewalk, facing the mob in the street, and began again her lecture. This time she controlled the crowd, and, bruised and sore and disheveled as she was, she harangued the people for an hour.

Such is Mrs. Carrie Nation.

THE ADVANCE.

She walked to the train, to leave Enterprise, with a howling mob at her heels. They threw eggs, which spattered her plain black dress. They cried, "Hang her! kill her!" But she had not the slightest fear. She went next to Hope, Kan., but her approach had been heralded, and the two "joints" of the town were closed, and their doors barred. She moved on to Ottawa, where she rested a few days.

In the meantime, false alarms were given in many Kansas towns of the approach of the "joint" smasher. Such rumors always spread consternation among the "jointists." They made elaborate preparations for defense. One saloon-keeper had an oak door constructed above the front door of his "joint," so that it could be dropped and fastened in place at a moment's notice. Another had a barricade of oak bars; and still another was said to have secured a large cage full of mice, which were to be released as soon as the female "joint" smasher appeared. In one Kansas town a young man masqueraded as Mrs. Nation, and for an hour the saloons of the place were closed in fear.

On a Saturday night the woman with the hatchet appeared, unheralded, in Topeka—the capital, and a city of many



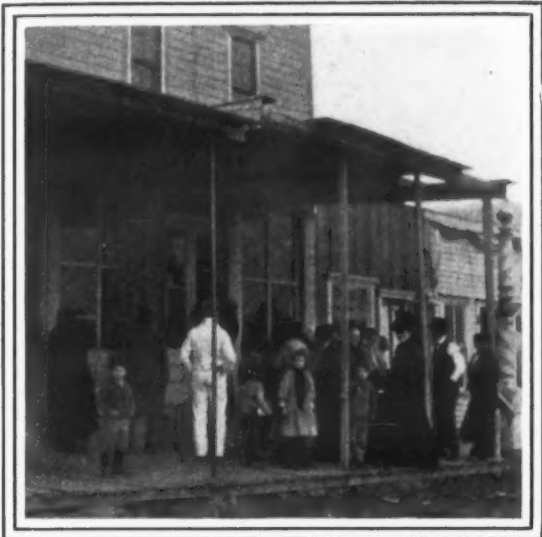
MRS. NATION AT PRAYER IN HER CELL AT WICHITA, KAN.

"joints." Numbers do not awe the crusader. She started out alone to attack the Topeka saloons. She visited four, but destroyed no property. In one of these the crusader was severely beaten by the joint-keeper's wife. Mrs. Nation started for the partition which separated the front of the place, where cigars were made, from the rear, where liquors were sold. The little room was crowded with the great mob which had followed Mrs. Nation. As Mrs. Nation started for the rear the joint-keeper's wife sprang forward with a broom-stick in her hand. She is a tall, slender woman, and as she pelted the blows on the head and shoulders of Mrs. Nation, the latter only cried, "Oh! oh! oh!" with each blow. Mrs. Nation threw her arms before her face and bent her head. She said nothing. The mob was pushing and shouting above the noise of the scuffle. The joint-keeper's wife stepped back for a second, and then a small, decrepit negro put himself between her and Mrs. Nation. The crusader was bruised and stunned, but her first question when she reached the street was:

"Where's another 'joint'?"

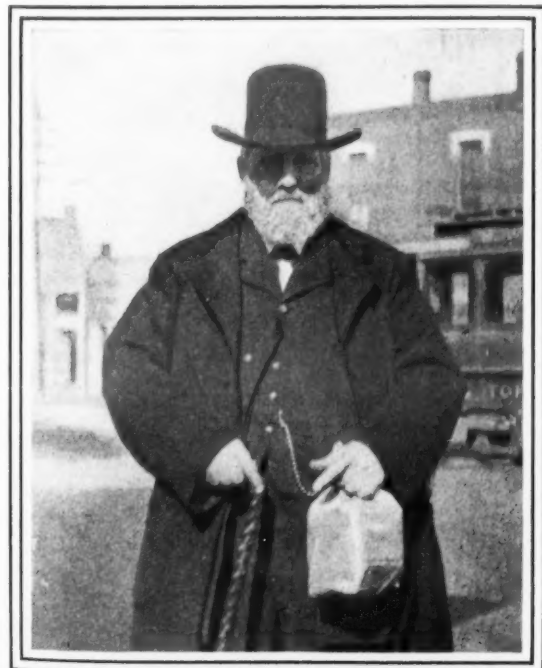
CREATING SENTIMENT.

Mrs. Nation is an animated force. She is destruction personified. And it seems strange and incongruous that she is a motherly-appearing old woman. She is like a thousand other women whom one would see peeling potatoes or sweeping off the back porch of her cottage on a summer morning. Ample of girth, with round shoulders, a flat back, and arms swinging freely from her shoulders, she is a little awkward, but



CITY MARSHAL BENHAM ENTERING A "JOINT" AT ENTERPRISE, KAN., AFTER IT HAD BEEN WRECKED.

decisive in her movements. In her face there is none of the pomp and self-pride of the common type of the "strong-minded" woman. The lines are those of a woman whose habitual emotions are gentleness and consideration for others. Her forehead is high, her gray eyes glitter in her intensity, her little nose is extremely *retroussée*, her mouth is simply a thin line, curved, with the ends lower than the centre, her chin is narrow, prominent, and firm. The lines about her eyes and those about her mouth show habitual good humor. She is always strained and tense. Her nerve force seems inexhaustible. Her speech is rapid, her voice a little flat but clear, and her gestures are frequent. Mrs. Nation sees humor in her dangerous situations. She laughed as she described her struggle with the squad of Wichita police. She laughed because, she said, she had shamed them so. She does not fear death.



MR. NATION, THE HUSBAND OF "THE WOMAN WITH THE HATCHET."

"I'm fifty-four years old," she said, "and if I must die in this work, I'm willing. When I first started out I told the sisters in the church that I did not expect to live to see them again. But now I believe the Lord is going to keep me from being killed. I represent the mothers of Kansas. We have

been watching our sons go to ruin and death through whiskey for years. They are enticed into the murder holes by the murderers who keep them. The saloon-keepers must train the young men to drink or their business would soon die out. We've been praying and groaning and waiting for the men to act. God tells me not to wait any longer. Under the Constitution of the United States a saloon has no legal right to exist, because it interferes with peace, prosperity, and the pursuit of happiness. My purpose in smashing saloons is to create sentiment. I know that 'joints' might open again after I leave town, but I am creating sentiment. The majority of the people of this State are in favor of the enforcement of the law, and I am arousing them. I couldn't do it by talking. So I act.

"I'll tell you a hatchet is a good thing in the right place. But I don't believe in giving hatchets to the men. There would be blood shed then. I don't want to see any of that. Let the women handle the hatchet."

THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

Mrs. Nation says that her plan is to organize the women into bands in every town of Kansas. At first they are to demand the closing of all "joints." If the command is ignored, then they are to attack the places with their hatchets. "If they sin, I will punish; if they repent, I will forgive," said Mrs. Nation, speaking of the "jointists." After Kansas is cleared of its "joints," Mrs. Nation says she will proceed to Missouri and other States, and finally to New York City itself. "I'm going to clean out my own door-yard first," she said.

Mrs. Nation made a visit to Governor Stanley, of Kansas. She secured his promise to help her. And she abused him without mercy. She is caustic and quick at repartee, and she did not spare the Governor. She called him a law-breaker, and, pointing to her black eye, she said:

"Governor, you did that. You blacked my eye by not obeying the law."

A few facts of the life and family of Mrs. Nation may be significant. She was born in Kentucky. Her first husband was a drunkard. Whiskey ruined him and caused his death. Her favorite sister married a man who lost his fortune through drink. Mrs. Nation has been for many years a strong advocate of temperance. She freed her own town of saloons before she started out on her present crusade.

She formerly belonged to the Christian church. She has raised one daughter of her own and several step-children. She is the grandmother of six children. Her mother died in an insane-asylum in Missouri. Mrs. Nation has money of her own, much of which she has spent in her crusade. But she receives contributions by mail from all parts of the country.

Her husband, David Nation, is one of her staunchest supporters. He is a lawyer and the legal adviser of his wife. Mr. Nation is much older than his wife. He has a long gray beard and wears the uniform of the Grand Army of the Republic. Mr. Nation has prosecuted many cases against liquor-sellers and has delivered lectures on temperance. I asked him what he thought of the conduct of his wife.

"She's in the right," he said; "she's doing God's work, and I have no right to stop her."

HARRY BEARDSLEY.

Mrs. Nation Tells of Her Crusade.

TOPEKA, KAN., February 5th.—To the Editor of *Leslie's Weekly*.—Before I tell of my plans I will tell of my motives. Oh, the wailing of women! Oh, the crying of the children! Oh, the slaughter of the innocents! Oh, the desecration of all that is pure and holy! Oh, the degradation of those made in the image of God! Hell's conspiracy against heaven—Satan's revenge for being hurled from the battlements of heaven; the especial foe of woman who for ages, like a hellish vampire, has demanded of her her offspring, as it could live on nothing else.

Why, oh why, motherhood, have you suffered this so long? Rather consign your babes to the merciless and raging lion, who could only kill the body, than submit to this evil. I wonder why persons ask, "What made you do this?" Yes, I wonder that the heart of a nation could be of stone and not of flesh. The mother-heart of the lower animals will defend to the death their offspring, while the sex which has the humanity of blessed Mary has only wept and prayed. When Jesus walked the hill of Cavalry with the crushing cross, the piercing crown of thorns, the dust and bloody sweat, and the agonies of human suffering he spoke to the woman who followed weeping and said, "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children!" Oh thou who hearest the raven's cry, thou alone hast seen the grief and counted the tear-drops which for centuries have withered the cheeks with their briny rivers.

When men speak of the "legal" saloon it is but to confirm the statement that the foolishness of God is wiser than men. How can men who are familiar with the Constitution of the United States risk being called light thinkers when they assert that the Constitution will protect this criminal factory whose sole purpose is to destroy "peace, prosperity and the pursuit of happiness"? The deadly foes of liberty, patriotism, and good government are these hell-holes. Yes, they are as much an enemy of God and humanity as hell is of heaven.

I tried all means and exhausted all resources. I said in my prayer and fasting, "O God, there is a way. Show it to thy hand-maid and take this poor life, and use it to open this closed door."

There is not a true mother that cannot understand this as fast as her eyes run over these words. This is the one touch of human nature "that makes all the world akin." My heart is bursting with the wail of outraged motherhood. "Though seas threaten they are merciful" and with mother-love we should overcome evil, rather than, year by year, day by day, and night by night, beholding with a bursting heart and distracted brain the crushing out of these lights into outer-darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth. Oh, woman you can be but the "painting of a sorrow, a face without a heart" should you submit to this outrage. Ask of those who know me at my home in Barber Co., Kansas. They will tell you, if they speak right, that I was led to my last resort. Man's extremity is God's opportunity, and this way was shown me by God. Truly "Diseases desperate grown by desperate appliances are relieved." I was ready for this desperate remedy and when my Lord showed it me I said, "Good is the

road of the Lord." For use almost can change the stamp of nature and either curb the devil or throw him out with murderous potency. So I suited the action to the word and the word to the action. The impulse was *smash* and so was the act.

A saloon has no right in any place. I will smash the saloons in New York, Milwaukee, St. Louis, and Chicago, just as in Kansas. But I must clean up my own home before I dare say to my neighbor, "I can tell you how to clean yours."

Faith without works is dead. Our Saviour said: "He that sees his brother has need and shutteth up his heart of compassion against him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" There is no sorrowful need that the murderous dram-shop does not make. A man breaks all the sins of the decalogue when he sells a glass of rum. The motive which leads him to put this stumbling-block in the way of his brother is inspired by a spirit which violates all law.

The time for the saloon to go has come. We are organizing an army of home defenders which demands that the murder-shop close, or be closed by law. Otherwise we destroy this destroyer by means of anything that will *smash*! This is a severe word, but nothing conveys that thought so forcefully as the results. This army of home defenders is doing just what Israel did as recorded in II. Chronicles, xxxi., 1. We attack nothing but that which is dangerous to humanity and heaven. Read Isaiah and Jeremiah, and one can see plainly that they prophesy of these times and this crusade, and they declare that this shall be effective, and that righteousness and everlasting joy shall be the result. This is one of the greatest warfare—not against flesh and blood—but against principalities and powers; against spiritual wickedness in high places. Our weapons are not against the life, but mighty to the pulling down of strongholds; yes, against the prince of the power of the air which worketh in the children of disobedience.

I am often asked, "When did you first think of this, and under what circumstances?" I often prayed and fasted, begging to be shown a way out, as all regular avenues were closed. God said to me one morning, before I was quite awake, "Go to Kiowa," a town in my own county, Barber County, "and smash the saloons and I will stand by you." I often say I am just a handful of mud that God picked up and threw at the murder-shops. And it is true. I simply said, "Lord, you can use me in any way."

So many have said to me, "What great faith you have!" But when I see what I might have done, if I had had what Jesus is ready to give to any one who will be used of him, I say, "O Lord, forgive me for being faithless and perverse!" I can say to my poor, suffering sisters, "Arise, shine, for thy Light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee! Come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. In the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength!"

We propose to organize an army of true mothers who are physically able and willing to join in a crusade to drive out the murder-shops by destroying their instruments. We do not desire nor intend to injure the person of any one. We in self-defense go out from our homes to the rescue of children which are the victims of this traffic. We can bear it no longer and live and wherever the mother-heart is crushed with this outrage we desire to fly to its relief.

I may lecture in some of the large cities to raise funds for the transportation and board of these brave mothers who give their lives to save their sons. I get many calls to go to different places, and how eagerly would I fly but not yet.

I would, by way of suggestion, advise good citizens to refuse to buy of any class of merchants who uphold this hell on earth. O God, send deliverance quickly! CARRIE NATION.

P. S.—I advise and beseech that women all over the world organize armies for the defense of their children and themselves. We are forced to this step, for vain is the help of man. God is the father of the fatherless and the husband of the widow. Cry to God. He will help. He is helping.

Carrie Nation

Up to date.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY is thoroughly up to date, and secures the most attractive and clean matter for publication with its illustrations.—*Kingston (N. Y.) Leader*, Tuesday, January 22d, 1901.

Make the Change

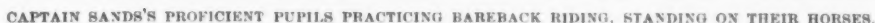
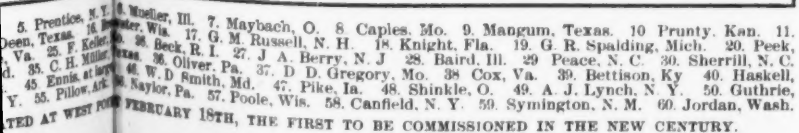
BEFORE COFFEE WRECKS YOU.

"THE right man came along one day when he told me that coffee-drinking was the cause of my gastritis, nervousness, torpid liver and trembling hands that interfered with my business, that of mechanical drawing, but coffee was my only habit and I loved it so that I did not see how I could give it up.

"If he had not been so enthusiastic regarding the belief in his case by leaving off coffee and taking Postum Food Coffee I could not have mustered up will power enough to abandon my favorite beverage.

"I left off coffee that day at lunch and had a cup of Postum. It was made good and had a rich, dark color, with a delicious flavor that I could not tell from regular coffee. It pleased the eye, smell, and palate, so I had it each day at the restaurant for the noon day lunch, and discovered a decided improvement in my condition; but it was not until I left off coffee for breakfast and used Postum in its place that real relief set in. Now I am free from gastritis, headaches, and fully appreciate the value of the 'nerve ease.' No more trembling hands and no more nervous prostration. I am well, and feel that I should say to others who are being poisoned by a beverage that they do not suspect, 'coffee,' 'Make the change before the poison works destruction in you.'"

This letter is from a New York mechanical draughtsman. Name can be furnished by the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.



MILITARY ACADEMY, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

ONE DAY IN THE BUSY LIFE OF A WEST POINT CADET.

INCESSANT STUDY, RECITATION, AND DRILL, WITH EVERY MOVE PRESCRIBED BY REGULATION—THE SYSTEM BY WHICH THE MOST CAPABLE OFFICERS IN THE WORLD ARE PRODUCED—THIS YEAR'S MAGNIFICENT GRADUATING CLASS.

THE day in the busy life of a West Point cadet begins, at this time of the year, at 6:15 A. M. In summer, when the battalion of cadets is in camp, the time is forty-five minutes earlier. At the first note of reveille the drowsy cadet must spring out of bed. If he yawns two or three times, turns over and tries to get forty, or even twenty, winks more, he is sure to be late, and that seriously affects his standing in the academy.

On the instant that he is out of bed the cadet's work begins. What with drills, study or recitations, and a few other duties, our future general retires at ten o'clock at night. During the day he has had one hundred minutes of time that he may call his own. No clerk or mechanic, banker, merchant or manufacturer puts in so long a day, or one filled with such arduous work. It is strange, and also pathetic, that our people understand as little as they do of the work of the army and of the United States Military Academy at West Point. There is a very general impression that the cadet enjoys what is commonly called "a soft snap" at the expense of the public.

Just fifteen minutes after the sound of reveille has shattered the night's dreams of home the bugle is again heard. This time it is "police call." This means that the young man learning to be a soldier must exercise the practice of one of the virtues most insisted on in the army, that of neatness. There is a regulation way of making up the bed, with the mattress rolled "just so" at one end, and the pillow and coverings of the bed piled neatly on top of the mattress. The floor must be swept until absolutely clean. Every garment not on the body must hang on its proper nail, or be folded neatly in a drawer. Books and study papers must be arranged strictly according to rule on the study table.

There is a rule for everything that the cadet does during the day. His walk and his bodily carriage are prescribed by regulation. He marches to class at the sound of a bugle; he eats by command; he must be precise in the way in which he salutes an officer, or the officer will stop him and call him to task. There is even a prescribed manner of greeting a civilian. If the cadet is introduced to one he must extend one hand while lifting his cap with the other. At parting he must again lift his cap. There is not a step he can take, not a word he can say, not even a personal matter in his day's life that is not, in one way or another, governed by imperative rule.

As soon as the "police" work is done it is time for the battalion to form and march to breakfast at mess. Breakfast is finished at about 7:10. Immediately after it is over, "sick-call" rings out on the bugle. Any cadet who feels that he needs a physician reports to the surgeon-in-charge at the hospital. If the ailment is trifling, the cadet is supplied with medicine or medical advice and ordered to his duties. If he is bodily unfit for his duties he is ordered to his quarters until his condition improves. If seriously ill, he is sent to the hospital. No attention is paid by the surgeons to trifling ills. There is no opportunity to shirk, nor does the cadet desire to do it. He needs every minute of his four years' work at West Point to enable him to get through.

If "sick-call" does not interfere, the young West-Pointer has fifty minutes for "recreation," which means that he can do as he pleases until eight o'clock. Now the bugle sounds for him to get at the really serious work of the day. For five hours, or until one o'clock, he must incessantly study or recite. There are about seventy officers of the regular army on duty at the academy. Of these, eight are tactical officers, a few more are engaged on staff duties, and the remainder are employed as instructors in the mental part of the academic course.

Large classes are unknown at West Point. Each year's class is divided into sections, which never comprise more than a dozen cadets. Instruction in the mental branches is thus practically separate, and it is searchingly severe. The instructors are graduates from West Point who have shown special aptitude for the subjects they teach. Mathematics is the one on which greatest stress is laid, but the cadet must also become proficient in civil and military engineering, natural and experimental philosophy, chemistry, mineralogy and geology, drawing, modern languages, law and history, military signaling and telegraphy, ordnance and gunnery. He must make himself familiar with all the thousands of details of the tactics of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, besides attending with great thoroughness to gymnasium work.

Not for a minute during these first five hours of the real academic day can the cadet find time to think of anything that does not immediately concern the duties in hand. One of the illustrations printed in this issue depicts a section of the third class fighting its way through the intricacies of differential calculus. Each young man is required to show on the blackboard all that he knows of the tough problem assigned him. The regular-army officer in charge of the section questions him with such searching severity that ignorance of even the slightest detail of theoretical or practical work is at once detected. It is so in every other department. The teachers are themselves the pick of the service; they are always on their mettle, and keep their students at highest tension. The young man who gets through the first five hours of the day's mental work without a headache or a nervous "spell" has the strong brain of one fitted to command.

When one o'clock comes the brain yields place to bodily needs. At sound of the bugle the battalion forms outside of the academic building, and once more marches to mess. When several hundred happy, healthy young men find themselves at table together there is sure to be a babel of voices. Tired heads and overwrought nerves find surcease in anecdote, laughter and gibe. Dinner at West Point is an occasion when nonsense is relished as much as food. After about forty minutes the meal is over and now the cadet is given the luxury of twenty minutes for "recreation."

Study and recitation last until four o'clock. Across the quadrangle formed by the four connecting wings of the great academy building, sections may be seen, as in the busy morning,

marching to and from recitation. It is another period of the severest kind of instruction, while at 4:10 P. M., weather permitting, drill begins, lasting until 5:30. This is immediately followed by dress-parade. At 6:30 formation for supper takes place. This meal lasts until seven o'clock.

At this time of day our young men in civil life would feel very much abused if any more work were asked of them. Our cadet has the generous allowance of thirty minutes for "recreation." At 7:30, to the second, "call to quarters" is sounded by one of those precise buglers who are the bane of army life everywhere in the civilized world. Straight to his quarters goes the cadet. He must now remain absolutely in his own room. The minutes pass in study, the time being all too short for the vast amount of work that must be prepared for the next day. If our cadet is phenomenally quick he may find time enough to pick up pen and dash off a few words to the fond, anxious mother at home. Whatever he does, he cannot turn down his mattress and make up his bed, nor even stretch himself upon the hard slats before the moment prescribed in regulations. Tactical officers or cadet officers are likely to pop in upon him at all sorts of unexpected times, and the slightest infringement of any rule must be at once reported.

"Tattoo" is another call that the buglers are required to sound. It is equivalent to "get ready for bed," but it is not heard from the quadrangle until the exact moment of 9:30 has arrived. As soon as he hears this call the cadet is at liberty to turn down his mattress and make up his bed. By ten o'clock, when that tireless bugler blows "taps," which means that all lights must be out, the gas is turned off, and the tired young embryo general falls into bed, to dream again of home and other pleasant associations until reveille rasps out once more on the following morning.

Sunday? A day of rest, to be sure, as we of civil life know it. It is very different at West Point. We who breakfast at ten or eleven may have some idea of the misery of the cadet, who must obey reveille at the same hour as on week-days. The Sunday papers? The instant that he returns from breakfast the cadet must prepare for his worst ordeal of the week. His room must look, on this morning, like the traditional quarter-deck of a man-of-war. Sunday is his day of intense house-cleaning.

At 9:30 he knows that he must expect the commandant of cadets and the entire corps of tactical officers. They will search for a speck of dust, for a coat hung on the wrong nail, for a match-end on the floor near the fire-place, for a drawer whose contents are not systematically laid, for a bed that is not undressed in strict accordance with regulations, or for any slightest breach of the requirements of a soldierly neatness. A perceptible fault in orderliness brings relentless criticism. Anything more than that insures demerits. There are no mothers or sisters to "pick up" after our young man at West Point.

By the time this phase of the strenuous life is over "church parade" sounds at 10:30. Ten minutes later the West Point young men march into church. Service lasts until noon. After that, with the exception of dinner-hour, the cadet may do as he pleases until dress-parade. It is on Saturday, however, that the only real oasis in the dreary desert of academy life is found. After inspection of the corps, which is over at about 2:30 P. M., our cadet is allowed to rest and think of matters not inside the lines of the physical and mental curriculum. That is to say, he has some such leisure unless it happens that he is backward in one or two of his studies. In that case he spends the spare afternoon poring over the books that Uncle Sam commands him to absorb. In the evening he is allowed to dine, when invited, with the family of some officer on post. Every alternate Saturday evening he is allowed to go over to Memorial Hall to attend the "hop," where the army girl living at the post, the visiting army girl, and the girl from civil life whose social position secures her an invitation, dance with him.

West Point, founded in 1802, is one of the oldest military academies in the world. It has a prouder distinction—that of being by far the best in the world. Its graduates are better trained for their profession of the sword than the alumni of any foreign military institute. It costs more to train a cadet here than anywhere else, but in time of war we find that we have secured our money's worth. Every young man who wins his diploma is competent to serve as an officer of engineers, of ordnance, artillery, cavalry, or infantry. He would be able to earn \$3,000 or \$4,000 a year in civil life as an engineer. He has acquired countless other essentials of a practical education, and is better fitted for the hard, workaday life than the college graduate.

These young West Point students are physically and mentally the pick of their country, yet when more than forty per cent. of a fourth class succeed in finishing their course at the academy it is considered an exceptionally good class. The young men who were graduated on the 18th of this month constitute one of the finest classes ever turned out from the historic old gray academy up the Hudson. As cadets their pay was \$540 per year. When all their necessary expenses had been deducted, each had about enough money to buy the equipment for the start in the army. They will be commissioned as second lieutenants in the various arms of the service. An infantry second lieutenant receives \$1,400 a year, a mounted officer drawing \$100 more. The officer who succeeds in rising as high as a colonelcy by the time that he reaches the retiring age of sixty-four will be paid \$4,500 per year.

Absolutely the first lesson learned by our cadet is that of implicit obedience of military orders. He acquires, also, the knack of utilizing every moment of his waking time. There was much indignation, lately, over the developments before a military court and a committee of Congress of the practice of hazing at the academy. Hazing has been the result of gradual evolution of a system dating back to the beginning of the century. It was originated by the cadets as a means of inner government in

the corps of cadets for "licking a cub (a green boy fresh from home) into shape as a soldier and a gentleman." The recent action of the cadets in abolishing this practice was due to two considerations: A desire to obey the apparent will of the country in whose service they are, and a fine, chivalrous wish to divert a censure, wholly undeserved, from their superintendent, Colonel A. L. Mills, United States Army, who, though he exercises the utmost control of military strictness over the young men, has won their love by the sense of personal solicitude and friendship with which he impresses each cadet intrusted to his care.

Second in command at West Point is Lieutenant-Colonel Otto L. Hein, who, as commandant of cadets, is at the head of the tactical branch of the work. Lieutenant William C. Rivers is adjutant of the academy. Major John B. Bellinger is quartermaster, Major Charles B. Hall, treasurer, and Major John M. Banister, surgeon. Captain George H. Sands is senior instructor of cavalry tactics, while Captain Granger Adams holds the same position in the exposition of artillery work. All of the seventy-odd officers stationed at the academy are chosen with special reference to their fitness for training the best young officers in the world. A Southern military writer recently collated statistics showing that, out of one hundred and ninety-two West Point graduates who entered the service of the Confederate States during the Civil War, one hundred and seventy-eight rose to the rank of general officer. No better testimony than this could be wanted as to the kind of soldier that West Point tradition and training produce.

H. IRVING HANCOCK.

The Funeral of the Queen.

A MAGNIFICENT AND IMPRESSIVE DEMONSTRATION IN THE ENGLISH METROPOLIS—REMARKABLE SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

THE scenes and ceremonies attending the obsequies of the late Queen Victoria of England were such as befitted the simple grandeur and the truly royal dignity of the life and character of the departed sovereign. As her reign had been the longest and the most brilliant in English history, and she herself most loved and lovable of all great rulers of all time, so the manifestations of grief at her death, among her own subjects and among all people the world over who know and appreciate true greatness and rare womanly worth, were marked with a depth, a sincerity, and an impressiveness such as the death of no other ruler has ever called forth. It was the mighty tribute of modern civilization to one in whose name and under whose benign and gracious auspices that civilization has attained a more glorious height than hitherto known to man.

During the four days through which the funeral ceremonies lasted, from the death-chamber at Osborne to the final sepulture at Frogmore, it seemed as if all England waited and watched by the bier of the dead Queen. The climax came on Saturday, when the funeral procession passed through the streets of London in the view of serried millions and through a lane three miles in length of laurel wreaths and purple ribbons. It was truly a royal cavalcade. First rode the Duke of Norfolk in solitary state as Earl Marshal. Close behind him, drawn by eight splendid cream horses, led by royal equerries, came a khaki-colored gun carriage, bearing a coffin with the body of the Queen. King Edward was directly behind the gun-carriage in a field-marshal's uniform, superbly mounted, and with him in the same uniform were the Emperor of Germany on a charger, and the Duke of Connaught. Following close were forty sovereigns, heirs to thrones, and princes of English, German, and Continental lines, all mounted and in military uniform. Prominent among them were the King of Portugal, the King of Greece, the Crown Prince of Denmark, the Crown Prince of Sweden, the Duke of Aosta, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria-Hungary, the Grand Duke Michael, with typical Russian features; Prince Henry of Prussia, and the Crown Princes of Roumania, Germany, Greece, and Siam. After these came six royal carriages, the first containing the new Queen, the sweet and gracious Alexandra, and then the three daughters of Victoria, Helena, Louise, and Beatrice. A fourth daughter, the Empress Frederick of Germany, was too ill to be present.

Next to King Edward and the German Emperor, the figure which most drew the eyes and stirred the hearts of the silent multitudes was Earl Roberts, the beloved "Bobs," of the English army, the stern old veteran of many wars, the greatest soldier of England. He was mounted on a dark horse and carried a field-marshal's baton. In the military escort of 3,500 men were representatives of all branches of the British military and naval service, from all parts of the empire—dark-coated husars, helmeted dragoons, blue jackets, and Scottish Highlanders. The most striking feature of all in this gallant array was the company of giant grenadiers, with an average height of six feet ten inches.

When the funeral train arrived at Windsor the first break occurred in the programme as arranged. The horses assigned to draw the gun carriage from the train to the doors of St. George's Chapel became restive and refractory, and their place had to be taken by 100 blue jackets, who performed their duty decorously and well. They drew the funeral car the entire distance from the railway station to the chapel, a half-mile. Into the chapel the coffin was borne, and here the burial-service, brief and simple, was performed. It was conducted by the bishop of Winchester. At the close of the service a herald proclaimed Edward VII. "King of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, and Sovereign of the Most Noble Order of the Garter." Later in the day the coffin was removed to the Albert Memorial Chapel adjoining, to remain until the final ceremony on Monday.

The body of the Queen was laid beside that of the Prince Consort, Albert the Good, in the mausoleum at Frogmore, on

Monday afternoon. The transfer of the coffin from Albert Memorial Chapel to Frogmore, a short distance away, was made on a gun-carriage supported by the late Queen's equerries and household. Following the carriage walked King Edward, the Duke of Connaught, Emperor William, the King of the Belgians, Prince Henry of Prussia, and all the royal personages, including Queen Alexandra and the princesses. Arriving at Frogmore, the coffin was carried into the mausoleum and deposited in its last resting-place in the sarcophagus with Prince Albert. Here the two who, in the few years they were together, gave a conspicuous example to all their people of the mutual love and tender sympathy which should characterize the married relation, were once more left side by side, their names enshrined forever in the hearts of the Anglo-Saxon race which in their lives they had done so much to honor and dignify.

The mausoleum at Frogmore was built by Queen Victoria herself, and at her own expense, as a place of sepulture for the Prince Consort and as her own final resting-place. That she desired and expected to be laid by his side is evident from the wording of the tender and beautiful inscription which she had engraved on the sarcophagus:

Farewell, Beloved!
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Rest With Thee.
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Frogmore House is one of the royal palaces, and the mausoleum is on the grounds, a short distance from the castle. The building is in the shape of a cross, the material being of the rarest marbles and bronzes. The interior of the mausoleum is octagonal in shape, thirty feet in diameter and sixty-five feet high. In the centre, resting on a base of black marble, is the sarcophagus of dark gray granite. It bears a recumbent statue of Prince Albert in white marble, executed by the famous Italian sculptor, Baron Marochetti.

The Victorian Epoch.

(Continued from page 170.)

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But the spiritual achievement of the Victorian age has been no less peculiar and remarkable than its material achievement. During the late Queen's girlhood the supreme triumph of astronomy was the first measurement of the distance of a star; what a stride from that to the resolution of a multiple star and its movements, with the aid of spectrum analysis! Geology and the history of organic life in geologic periods have been completely revolutionized. In biology the record has been even more wonderful. It has been the era of the doctrine of evolution. In 1837 it was the general belief of educated people that the world had come into existence very much in its present shape; in 1901 it is the general belief of educated people that the world is perpetually changing by imperceptible changes from moment to moment, and that the accumulation of such little changes may produce differences as great as those which distinguish one geologic period from another.

Evolution is the distinctive note of the Victorian age. This age has been as illustrious as any for art and literature. In painting and sculpture it has not equaled the sixteenth century, but it has stood high, while in music it has been in many respects unequalled; Chopin, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Wagner, Liszt, Brahms, Rubinstein, all belong to the Victorian age. In dramatic poetry we have had nothing to compare with the gorgeous and luxuriant outburst of the Elizabethan drama, but the deficiency has been in great part made good by the unprecedented splendor of prose fiction in the hands of such artists as Dickens and Thackeray, Victor Hugo and Sienkiewicz. The foremost poet of the Victorian age, Tennyson, has been rightly said to have been more thoroughly steeped in science than any other poets, except Lucretius and Goethe. "In Memoriam" is a noble epic of evolution.

In all this Victorian literature, as in the life of the present age, what comes out most prominently is the domesticity of mankind in our time. The quiet street, bordered on either hand with modest, comfortable homes, is the type of life in the Victorian age, as the moated grange and grotesque gargoyle typified the thirteenth century. And nowhere was domestic life more honored, nowhere were the interests of peace and goodwill more sedulously guarded, than in the home of the venerable and gracious Queen, whose loss all true-hearted men and women, of whatever clime, now mourn as that of a friend.

John Fiske.

Queer Market Scenes in Manila.

(From the Special Photographer of Leslie's Weekly.)

MANILA'S central market was, up to the night of February 4th, 1899, a large stone building, occupying the space of two square blocks. It was used on that date as a stronghold for the insurgents, and when, on that night, the dastardly attempt not only to murder all Americans but also all foreigners in Manila, which was planned by Aguinaldo, so signally failed, owing to the alertness of our military representative, it became the duty of Major (now Colonel) Goodall to burn and destroy this building in order to drive out the insurgents. The space which this huge structure occupied is now used for market purposes, but the booths or stalls are all temporarily built of bamboo framework, some with *nipa* roofs and some with corrugated-iron roofing saved from the rubbish-heaps after the fire.

Here in this great open square is afforded the best place that Manila offers to study the natives as they are, for here all classes congregate. No tradespeople come to your home, as in our country. You must go to the market to procure your food. And thus one sees the people when they are unconscious of all else excepting their shopping duties. It is to this market that the native women, who come into Manila every morning from

the insurgent country, bring their produce to sell, and just before night they pass out of our lines again, carrying away the proceeds of the day's barter, as well as their provisions, each one being permitted to take enough of the latter for one person. This supply is practically all for the insurgents, as the women arrive early in the morning and leave late in the afternoon, and eat their meals in Manila. Still, Manila depends upon these hucksters for its entire vegetable and fruit supply. When the natives pass the outposts, which form the examining stations, every bundle and parcel is searched by our soldiers, so that they may not carry out articles considered contraband, such as sulphur, salt, tobacco, etc.

One industry that assumes very large proportions is the sale of the betel-nut, which fruit is gathered from a very picturesque palm-tree. The nut is sliced or cut into small squares and laid upon a leaf on which first has been spread a small quantity of lime. It is then rolled up in the leaf and chewed in the same way that tobacco is used. This nut is chewed by both men and women. It is said to act as a stimulant in the hot climate. But it is a most disgusting habit, for it not only colors the lips a bright blood color, but also the saliva, and it is necessary to expectorate profusely. One side of the market is confined to the barber trade. All the barbers are Chinamen, their shops consisting of a chair and the necessary razor, shears, and comb. They perform their tonsorial art in the open, not even with a bamboo shed over them.

It is a delightful experience to stroll through the market and see the great variety of fruits, from the ever-present banana to that most delicious of all, the mangostine, which must not be confounded with the mango. It is surprising that, among the many varieties of oranges, you never see any excepting the green. No one ever eats a yellow or orange-colored orange. As soon as it begins to turn yellow it is discarded, and so, too, with the banana. The yellow ones are not at all sought after. The green, thin-skinned ones are the most delicious. Then there is a deep-orange colored variety which, though delicately flavored, is dry. The so-called red variety seen in our markets is scarce. Pineapples that actually melt on the tongue are to be found here. But, with all the delicious fruits offered, the American apple seems the favorite. I have in more than one instance seen our soldiers pay as much as fifty cents apiece for American apples brought here by enterprising officers of the transports.

E. C. ROST.

George Washington Forever!

STERN, ruthless, Time is none too kind
To history's precious pages.
Too soon they fade and pale behind
The shadows of the ages.

True tales that should be often told,
Round which brave heroes cluster,
Too soon grow threadbare, worn, and old,
And lose their wonted lustre.
Lives of great men, that once were themes
For stirring song and story,
Soon take their flight, like midnight dreams,
They and their erstwhile glory.
And signal deeds, of peace and war,
That once were loudly lauded,
Fall victims to Time's changeless law,
Forgotten—save recorded.
Grand monuments that men do raise,
As measures to remind them
Of trying, tho' illustrious, days
That swiftly pass behind them—
Tho' made of adamant, must fall—
They cannot hold together;
Two tyrant forces wreck them all—
The monsters, Wind and Weather.
And by iconoclastic hands
They will be rudely shattered,
And o'er the breadth of distant lands
Their splintered remnants scattered.

Such is the fate of earthly things,
And such the fate of mortals,
To mount upon oblivion's wings
And pass within its portals;
But there is one illustrious name,
A name both loved and cherished,
That will adorn the page of fame
Till history shall have perished.
And "men will come and men will go,"
Death earthly ties will sever,
But, while it lasts, the world will know
George Washington forever!

LAWRENCE PORCHER HEXT.

Business Chances Abroad.

CONSUL FLEMING, at Edinburgh, has informed the State Department that to call manufactured goods "American" amounts practically to selling them, in Scotland. He cites the case of a firm in Edinburgh which has built up a great business in "American cooking and heating stoves"—made in Scotland. Mr. Fleming tells of a Scotchman who managed to sell his new mechanical device only after advertising it as "the latest American invention." Merchants throughout Scotland are falling into the habit of advertising "Real American" goods, with the former word underscored.

If "carrying coals to Newcastle" be regarded as a strange proceeding, what shall be said of sending American sauerkraut to a German army! But this is what a Philadelphia firm has been asked to do. The German government has placed an order for 2,400 tons of the toothsome cabbage compound with the Philadelphia house, to be shipped to China for the use of the Kaiser's army. The reason given for placing the order here instead of in Germany is the unusual one that the article can be obtained here more cheaply and supplied more promptly than from any other part of the world.

Consul Herzog, at Zittau, Germany, thinks that there is a fine opening for American flax in that country. It appears that the prices of flax-yarn in Europe have advanced from ten to twelve per cent. during the past year, because of the scarcity of raw flax. Many of the German flax-mills were closed early

in the present winter, and others worked only on half-time by reason of a lack of material. Russian flax has been introduced since the beginning of the present year. Should it be possible to offer American flax in the near future, says Mr. Herzog, our growers might find a steady market for their product; but it is evident that it should be offered as soon as possible.

Mr. Ernest L. Harris, United States consular agent at Eibenstein, says that the German Colonial Association is soliciting the government to take steps toward introducing and protecting on a large scale the growth of Indian corn in some of the German colonies. The German empire imports about \$32,000,000 worth of corn every year, the major part of which comes from the United States. But Mr. Harris adds that until Germany has improved shipping facilities with her colonies the American farmer need not fear competition from this source. At present the freight on corn between Germany and her colonies amounts to nearly as much as the price per ton of corn in America.

The South Was the Original Expansionist.

A SOUTHERN newspaper asks how it happens that when a man from below Mason and Dixon's line gets a commission in the United States Army he suddenly becomes a rampant expansionist. The reference is to General Matthew C. Butler, a former Senator from South Carolina, who received a command during the Spanish war of 1898, and to Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee.

The fling does injustice to the three gentlemen indicated, and to the majority of the people of their section. The South was devoted to the cause of expansion from the beginning. President Jefferson was a much more decided expansionist than is President McKinley. The former's purchase of Louisiana more than doubled the national area, extending it from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains. Monroe, another Southern man and Democrat, secured Florida, while during the Presidency of Polk, also a Southern man and Democrat, Texas was annexed, New Mexico and California were gained, and the tract which includes the present States of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, and parts of Montana and Wyoming, came under the stars and stripes.

Every Southern statesman of any consequence—Jefferson, Monroe, Jackson, Benton, Quitman, Tyler, Polk, Hammond, Toombs, Pierre Soule, Jefferson Davis, Alexander H. Stephens, David R. Atchison, Sam Houston, David Crockett, and Thomas J. Rusk among the number—believed in what is often stigmatized as "imperialism" to-day. Jefferson as early as 1807, and most of the others afterward, looked forward with great earnestness to the time when Cuba could be obtained from Spain, and some of them wanted to take it by force if Spain should refuse to sell it for a reasonable price. Both sections of the Democratic party in 1860, in their national platforms, declared in favor of Cuban annexation!

Every port in the United States south of Savannah, down around the Florida Keys and onward along the Gulf of Mexico to the mouth of the Rio Grande, was gained through the expansion policy of Southern men. Key West and Tampa have figured with some prominence in the newspapers since the beginning of 1898. Mobile, New Orleans, and Galveston are these days, as compared with most of their Northern rivals, making immense gains as shipping-points for various sorts of commodities. All these ports, and all the rest of those in the same region, are the fruits of Southern imperialism. They contribute materially to the total which has put the United States ahead of England and all the rest of the world in the grand aggregate of its exports.

Newspapers which are expressing surprise because the present administration is receiving powerful support from Southern statesmen and journals in its Hawaiian, Porto Rican, and Philippine views, must have forgotten American history. The South was the inventor and radiating centre of the expansionist policy.

THE vigor and force imparted by the use of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, make work a recreation. Get the genuine. Druggists and grocers.

An Enormous Industry.

OUR enormous facilities, tremendous output, rapid movement of goods always fresh in the hands of consumers, insures the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk the first place in American homes.

Surprised.

FLAVOR OF FOOD WON HER.

"WHEN the landlady told me that the new dish at my plate was the much-talked-of food, Grape-Nuts, I tasted it languidly, expecting the usual tasteless, insipid compound posing under some one of the various names of 'breakfast foods.'

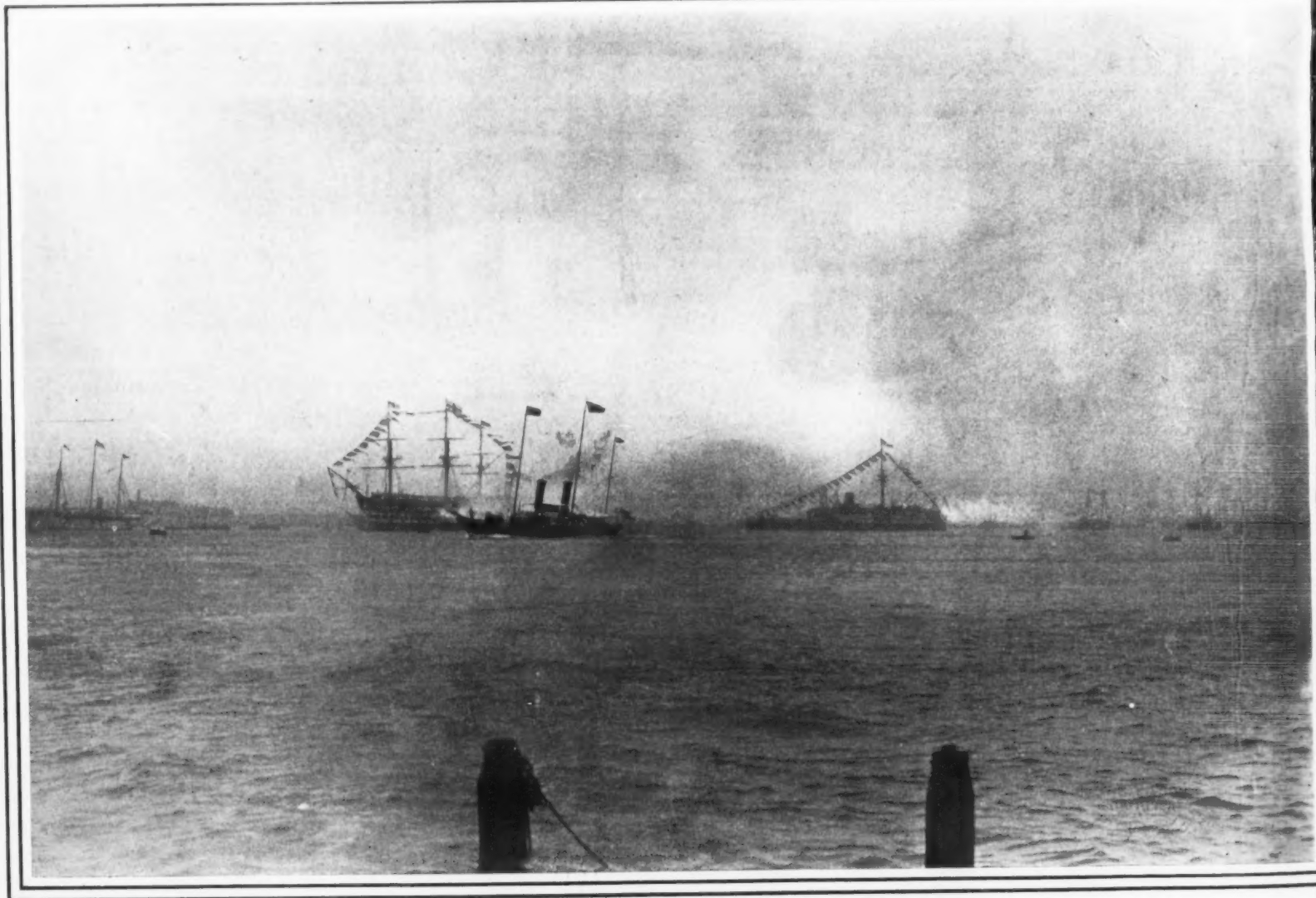
"I am a school-teacher, and board. Have usually been in robust health, but last spring I had the much-dreaded symptoms of spring fever set in with great severity. I could hardly keep at my work, and headaches were almost constant. Food had become nauseating, and I only partook of any sort of food from a sense of duty.

"My nights were spent in distress. The first taste of Grape-Nuts yielded a flavor that was new and attracted me at once. I arose from the table satisfied, having enjoyed my meal as I had not done for weeks. So I had Grape-Nuts food for breakfast every day, and soon found other reasons beside my taste for continuing the food.

"All the spring-fever symptoms disappeared, the headaches left, my complexion cleared up, and after a supper of Grape-Nuts I found myself able to sleep like a baby, in spite of a hard day and hard evening's work. The food has never palled on my appetite nor failed in furnishing a perfect meal, full of strength and vigor. I know from my own experience of the value of this food for any one who feels strength lagging under the strain of work, and it is evident that the claim made by the makers that it is a brain food is well taken. Please omit my name if you publish this." The lady lives in Hanover, Ind. Name supplied by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.



TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, WHERE THE ENGLISH POPULACE LIONIZED THE GERMAN EMPEROR. THE REMARKABLE DEMONSTRATION MADE AT THIS POINT BEFORE THE DEPARTURE OF EMPEROR WILLIAM FOR BERLIN WAS ONE OF THE MOST SIGNIFICANT INCIDENTS OF THE LATE QUEEN'S OBSEQUIES.



THE FIRST NAVAL SALUTE TO THE NEW KING OF ENGLAND. NELSON'S FLAG-SHIP HONORING KING EDWARD AS HE WAS RETURNING FROM LONDON ON THE ROYAL YACHT "ALBERTA" AND LEAVING PORTSMOUTH HARBOR FOR COWES.—PHOTOGRAPH BY J. C. HEMMENT.

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The Victorian Epoch.

(Continued from page 170.)

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Queer Market Scenes in Manila.

(From the Special Photographer of Leslie's Weekly.)

MANILA'S central market was, up to the night of February 4th, 1899, a large stone building, occupying the space of two square blocks. It was used on that date as a stronghold for the insurgents, and when, on that night, the dastardly attempt not only to murder all Americans but also all foreigners in Manila, which was planned by Aguinaldo, so signally failed, owing to the alertness of our military representative, it became the duty of Major (now Colonel) Goodall to burn and destroy this building in order to drive out the insurgents. The space which this huge structure occupied is now used for market purposes, but the booths or stalls are all temporarily built of bamboo framework, some with nipa roofs and some with corrugated-iron roofing saved from the rubbish-heaps after the fire.

Here in this great open square is afforded the best place that Manila offers to study the natives as they are, for here all classes congregate. No tradespeople come to your home, as in our country. You must go to the market to procure your food. And thus one sees the people when they are unconscious of all else excepting their shopping duties. It is to this market that the native women, who come into Manila every morning from

the insurgent country, bring their produce to sell, and just before night they pass out of our lines again, carrying away the proceeds of the day's barter, as well as their provisions, each one being permitted to take enough of the latter for one person. This supply is practically all for the insurgents, as the women arrive early in the morning and leave late in the afternoon, and eat their meals in Manila. Still, Manila depends upon these hucksters for its entire vegetable and fruit supply. When the natives pass the outposts, which form the examining stations, every bundle and parcel is searched by our soldiers, so that they may not carry out articles considered contraband, such as sulphur, salt, tobacco, etc.

One industry that assumes very large proportions is the sale of the betel-nut, which fruit is gathered from a very picturesque palm-tree. The nut is sliced or cut into small squares and laid upon a leaf on which first has been spread a small quantity of lime. It is then rolled up in the leaf and chewed in the same way that tobacco is used. This nut is chewed by both men and women. It is said to act as a stimulant in the hot climate. But it is a most disgusting habit, for it not only colors the lips a bright blood color, but also the saliva, and it is necessary to expectorate profusely. One side of the market is confined to the barber trade. All the barbers are Chinamen, their shops consisting of a chair and the necessary razor, shears, and comb. They perform their tonsorial art in the open, not even with a bamboo shed over them.

It is a delightful experience to stroll through the market and see the great variety of fruits, from the ever-present banana to that most delicious of all, the mangostine, which must not be confounded with the mango. It is surprising that, among the many varieties of oranges, you never see any excepting the green. No one ever eats a yellow or orange-colored orange. As soon as it begins to turn yellow it is discarded, and so, too, with the banana. The yellow ones are not at all sought after. The green, thin-skinned ones are the most delicious. Then there is a deep-orange colored variety which, though delicately flavored, is dry. The so-called red variety seen in our markets is scarce. Pineapples that actually melt on the tongue are to be found here. But, with all the delicious fruits offered, the American apple seems the favorite. I have in more than one instance seen our soldiers pay as much as fifty cents apiece for American apples brought here by enterprising officers of the transports.

E. C. ROST.

George Washington Forever!

STERN, ruthless, Time is none too kind
To history's precious pages.
Too soon they fade and pale behind
The shadows of the ages.
True tales that should be often told,
Round which brave heroes cluster,
Too soon grow threadbare, worn, and old,
And lose their wonted lustre.
Lives of great men, that once were themes
For stirring song and story,
Soon take their flight, like midnight dreams,
They and their erstwhile glory.
And signal deeds, of peace and war,
That once were loudly lauded,
Fall victims to Time's changeless law,
Forgotten—save recorded.
Grand monuments that men do raise,
As measures to remind them
Of trying, tho' illustrious, days
That swiftly pass behind them—
Tho' made of adamant, must fall—
They cannot hold together;
Two tyrant forces wreck them all—
The monsters, Wind and Weather.
And by iconoclastic hands
They will be rudely shattered,
And o'er the breadth of distant lands
Their splintered remnants scattered.
Such is the fate of earthly things,
And such the fate of mortals,
To mount upon oblivion's wings
And pass within its portals;
But there is one illustrious name,
A name both loved and cherished,
That will adorn the page of fame
Till history shall have perished.
And "men will come and men will go,"
Death earthly ties will sever,
But, while it lasts, the world will know
George Washington forever!

LAWRENCE PORCHER HEXT.

Business Chances Abroad.

CONSUL FLEMING, at Edinburgh, has informed the State Department that to call manufactured goods "American" amounts practically to selling them, in Scotland. He cites the case of a firm in Edinburgh which has built up a great business in "American cooking and heating stoves"—made in Scotland. Mr. Fleming tells of a Scotchman who managed to sell his new mechanical device only after advertising it as "the latest American invention." Merchants throughout Scotland are falling into the habit of advertising "Real American" goods, with the former word underscored.

If "carrying coals to Newcastle" be regarded as a strange proceeding, what shall be said of sending American sauerkraut to a German army! But this is what a Philadelphia firm has been asked to do. The German government has placed an order for 2,400 tons of the toothsome cabbage compound with the Philadelphia house, to be shipped to China for the use of the Kaiser's army. The reason given for placing the order here instead of in Germany is the unusual one that the article can be obtained here more cheaply and supplied more promptly than from any other part of the world.

Consul Herzog, at Zittau, Germany, thinks that there is a fine opening for American flax in that country. It appears that the prices of flax-yarn in Europe have advanced from ten to twelve per cent. during the past year, because of the scarcity of raw flax. Many of the German flax-mills were closed early

in the present winter, and others worked only on half-time by reason of a lack of material. Russian flax has been introduced since the beginning of the present year. Should it be possible to offer American flax in the near future, says Mr. Herzog, our growers might find a steady market for their product; but it is evident that it should be offered as soon as possible.

Mr. Ernest L. Harris, United States consular agent at Eibenstock, says that the German Colonial Association is soliciting the government to take steps toward introducing and protecting on a large scale the growth of Indian corn in some of the German colonies. The German empire imports about \$32,000,000 worth of corn every year, the major part of which comes from the United States. But Mr. Harris adds that until Germany has improved shipping facilities with her colonies the American farmer need not fear competition from this source. At present the freight on corn between Germany and her colonies amounts to nearly as much as the price per ton of corn in America.

The South Was the Original Expansionist.

A SOUTHERN newspaper asks how it happens that when a man from below Mason and Dixon's line gets a commission in the United States Army he suddenly becomes a rampant expansionist. The reference is to General Matthew C. Butler, a former Senator from South Carolina, who received a command during the Spanish war of 1898, and to Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee.

The fling does injustice to the three gentlemen indicated, and to the majority of the people of their section. The South was devoted to the cause of expansion from the beginning. President Jefferson was a much more decided expansionist than is President McKinley. The former's purchase of Louisiana more than doubled the national area, extending it from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains. Monroe, another Southern man and Democrat, secured Florida, while during the Presidency of Polk, also a Southern man and Democrat, Texas was annexed, New Mexico and California were gained, and the tract which includes the present States of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, and parts of Montana and Wyoming, came under the stars and stripes.

Every Southern statesman of any consequence—Jefferson, Monroe, Jackson, Benton, Quitman, Tyler, Polk, Hammond, Toombs, Pierre Soule, Jefferson Davis, Alexander H. Stephens, David R. Atchison, Sam Houston, David Crockett, and Thomas J. Rusk among the number—believed in what is often stigmatized as "imperialism" to-day. Jefferson as early as 1807, and most of the others afterward, looked forward with great earnestness to the time when Cuba could be obtained from Spain, and some of them wanted to take it by force if Spain should refuse to sell it for a reasonable price. Both sections of the Democratic party in 1890, in their national platforms, declared in favor of Cuban annexation.

Every port in the United States south of Savannah, down around the Florida Keys and onward along the Gulf of Mexico to the mouth of the Rio Grande, was gained through the expansion policy of Southern men. Key West and Tampa have figured with some prominence in the newspapers since the beginning of 1898. Mobile, New Orleans, and Galveston are these days, as compared with most of their Northern rivals, making immense gains as shipping-points for various sorts of commodities. All these ports, and all the rest of those in the same region, are the fruits of Southern imperialism. They contribute materially to the total which has put the United States ahead of England and all the rest of the world in the grand aggregate of its exports.

Newspapers which are expressing surprise because the present administration is receiving powerful support from Southern statesmen and journals in its Hawaiian, Porto Rican, and Philippine views, must have forgotten American history. The South was the inventor and radiating centre of the expansionist policy.

THE vigor and force imparted by the use of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, make work a recreation. Get the genuine. Druggists and grocers.

An Enormous Industry.

OUR enormous facilities, tremendous output, rapid movement of goods always fresh in the hands of consumers, insures the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk the first place in American homes.

Surprised.

FLAVOR OF FOOD WON HER.

"WHEN the landlady told me that the new dish at my plate was the much-talked-of food, Grape-Nuts, I tasted it languidly, expecting the usual tasteless, insipid compound posing under some one of the various names of 'breakfast foods.'

"I am a school teacher, and board. Have usually been in robust health, but last spring I had the much-dreaded symptoms of spring fever set in with great severity. I could hardly keep at my work, and headaches were almost constant. Food had become nauseating, and I only partook of any sort of food from a sense of duty.

"My nights were spent in distress. The first taste of Grape-Nuts yielded a flavor that was new and attracted me at once. I arose from the table satisfied, having enjoyed my meal as I had not done for weeks. So I had Grape-Nuts food for breakfast every day, and soon found other reasons beside my taste for continuing the food.

"All the spring-fever symptoms disappeared, the headaches left, my complexion cleared up, and after a supper of Grape-Nuts I found myself able to sleep like a baby, in spite of a hard day and hard evening's work. The food has never palled on my appetite nor failed in furnishing a perfect meal, full of strength and vigor. I know from my own experience of the value of this food for any one who feels strength lagging under the strain of work, and it is evident that the claim made by the makers that it is a brain food is well taken. Please omit my name if you publish this." The lady lives in Hanover, Ind. Name supplied by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.



TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, WHERE THE ENGLISH POPULACE LIONIZED THE GERMAN EMPEROR.
THE REMARKABLE DEMONSTRATION MADE AT THIS POINT BEFORE THE DEPARTURE OF EMPEROR WILLIAM FOR BERLIN WAS ONE OF THE MOST SIGNIFICANT INCIDENTS
OF THE LATE QUEEN'S OBSEQUIES.



THE FIRST NAVAL SALUTE TO THE NEW KING OF ENGLAND.
NELSON'S FLAG-SHIP HONORING KING EDWARD AS HE WAS RETURNING FROM LONDON ON THE ROYAL YACHT "ALBERTA" AND LEAVING PORTSMOUTH HARBOR
FOR COWES.—PHOTOGRAPH BY J. C. HEMMENT.

THE BAD MAN OF THE RANGE.

By THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

THE Bad Man of the Range, he of the swagger air, the fierce mustache, and the big six-shooters, laughed derisively when told the name of the new town marshal.

"Don't see," he remarked in his superior manner, "why they didn't elect a baby or a suckin'-calf while they wuz about it. Jest as well done that as to elect a little skim-milk goslin' like that feller they got."

Those who heard these words laughed. People always laugh at the funny sayings of a man in whose presence they stand with fear and trembling. They laugh, even if his sayings are not very funny. Bad men are sensitive and they do not like to have their wit and humor slighted. People know this and are careful to avoid giving offense.

It was in Blixby's saloon in the little town of Roundup that the Bad Man was doing his talking. There was quite a crowd of men present, several bad ones among them, but there was none who presumed to divide honors with the original and only real Bad Man of the Range.

"I've run this town for five years," the Bad Man went on with an air of justifiable pride, "an' if I'm goin' to keep on runnin' it I want 'em to give me marshals that's worth while foolin' away my powder an' lead on. I don't want no little spindle-shanked rooster that 'ill cry, an' run home to tell its mother, if you crook your finger at it. Not me."

The Bad Man glanced inquiringly around over his listeners, and they made haste to show their approval of his sentiments, some murmuring their assent and the others merely looking it.

"In times past," the Bad Man resumed, "they had men for marshals in this town—fellers that would stand up and shoot an' be shot at. They wuz men that made business for the undertakers an' helped to start graveyards. Thar wuz some honor an' glory in cleanin' out such men as them, an' I could do it without losin' my self-respect. But this new chap! Lord, it makes me sick to think of him! Shootin' him would be jest like shootin' a wall-eyed dyin' calf."

The listeners all showed their sympathy for the Bad Man. It seemed such a cruel shame that one so bold and daring—a man who might carry repeating rifles stuck above his ears, and pick human bones out of his teeth with a bowie-knife—should be compelled to pit himself against a town marshal so little worthy of his steel. It was too bad.

"I come up to town to-day," the Bad Man continued, a little sadly, "to make a vacancy in the marshal's office, but I expected to find a man that 'ud interest me slightly, an' sorter manage to keep me awake while I was fixin' him. That feller, though—wal, thar's no honor nor glory, an' no interest in snuffin' out his mis'able little life. I'd lose my self-respect if I wuz to kill him, besides destroyin' my standin' in society. So I reckon I'll jest turn him across my knee an' spank him, then kick him out o' town."

The crowd showed its hearty approval of this plan. It was ready always to approve anything the Bad Man said or did. It approved, not because it loved or respected him, but because it feared him. Even the other bad men, who claimed to have made creditable records as extinguishers of humanity, quaked and quailed before this terrible being who killed people merely for pastime and who had long since lost count of the number of his victims.

"Yes, sir, I'll jest fix him that way," the Bad Man repeated after inviting the crowd up to the bar to drink with him at Blixby's expense. "I'll turn him over my knees an' spank him, an' then kick him out of town. That's all the attention I can afford to give to a thing like that."

The name of the new marshal of Roundup was Dent. He was a pale-faced, delicate young chap from back East, and he had been but a short time on the Western frontier, where cowboys and other festive and erratic characters are found.

His ways and manners were painfully quiet and unassuming when contrasted with those of the people about him, and his general appearance was not calculated to strike terror to the heart of anything larger and more formidable than a mouse. To look at him one would conclude that he would be the first to get away from a fight, if there was any chance to run, and failing in that would submissively turn the other cheek. He was just the kind of chap whom, if the Bad Man should deign to notice him at all, it would be only to the extent of slapping his face.

He was nominated for the office of town marshal as a joke, because he was thought to be the most timid man in Roundup; and the people, to the surprise of everybody, carried out the joke by electing him. When it was known that he had been elected it was taken for granted that he would decline to serve, but he did nothing of the kind. On the contrary, he accepted the trust reposed in him and calmly announced his intention of discharging the duties of the office to the best of his ability.

They told him about the Bad Man, and how he had made life a burden to every man who had ever been marshal of the town—or, more properly speaking, how he had made life a burden to all those to whom he had not made it a thing of the past. He listened quietly, smiled a far-away smile, and calmly repeated that he would serve.

Then the mayor took the matter in hand and talked to Dent seriously. He spoke in language more forcible than elegant.

"Dent, you're nothin' to me," he said, "an' if you're

achin' to throw your life away, an' air jest bound to do it, I guess I've got no kick comin'. Yit, for all that, I hate to see you act the fool. You won't last two minutes when the Bad Man comes to town. No marshal ever has, an' we've had marshals that were men—marshals whose fingers were not slow at pullin' a trigger an' who had done their part in helpin' on the coffin trade. Before the Bad Man you won't amount to as much as a grasshopper in a cattle stampede."

"Do you really think so?" Dent asked, innocently.

"Humph!" the mayor sniffed impatiently. Then he added: "No, I don't think so. I know it."

"Well, I should be sorry to have trouble with the Bad Man," Dent said, quietly, "and I hope I won't. Anyhow, I thank you for your kindness in warning me; but really, since the people have elected me, I think I shall have to serve."

Then the mayor washed his hands of the whole affair, and fell to wondering whether the new marshal had money enough to pay for his own funeral or whether it would have to be conducted at the expense of the town.

The Bad Man had scarcely announced to the crowd at Blixby's saloon what his intentions were relative to the new marshal when that individual walked in. He had on his star, so the Bad Man recognized him at a glance. The crowd fell back a little and waited anxiously to see the fun begin. It would be quite a diversion—something out of the rut of mere killings—to see the new marshal spanked.

The Bad Man drew his pistol, and, assuming his fiercest mien, glared at Dent with a vicious look that was calculated to blast him. Dent stood quietly watching the Bad Man, a gentle smile lighting his thin, pale face.

"So you're the new marshal, air ye?" the Bad Man thundered in tones that almost shook the building.

"I have that honor, sir," Dent replied, sweetly. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

The Bad Man scowled darkly—so darkly as to apparently cast a shadow over the room. "No, but thar's somethin' I can do for you," he answered. "Somethin' I'm goin' to do in 'bout a minute."

"Indeed! Well, I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure," Dent said in his suavely polite way. "It is very kind of you, since I am a total stranger. May I inquire the nature of the favor you propose to do me?"

The Bad Man leaned against the bar and indulged in a cold, derisive laugh. The crowd, of course, joined in with him. Anything the Bad Man did was very funny.

"I don't guess you need to inquire," he replied, "for I reckon you'll find out soon enough without."

"Yes? But, really, I should like to know," Dent insisted.

"Would you? Then mebby I mought as well tell you," the Bad Man said. "If you wuz wuth it I'd shoot you, but as you ain't I'm goin' to turn you over my knees an' spank you, then kick you out o' town."

"Really?"

"Yes, really."

"But I don't think you ought to do that, don't you know?"

"Then me an' you don't think alike, that's all. I think I ort."

"I presume, then, it is a mere difference of opinion. Very able minds often differ. No doubt you have observed as much. But, really, now, I do not think you should treat me in that manner. It would be quite unpleasant for me, don't you know?"

"Ruther so, I guess," the Bad Man replied, coolly. "Reckon you won't find it as pleasant as eatin' peaches an' cream, an' some other things I mought mention. But for all that it's got to be done, don't you know?"

"But, my dear sir, surely you—" so far Dent spoke humbly and submissively; then, his eyes opening wide and his face taking on an expression of horror, he added in sharp, incisive tones: "Look out there behind you, quick!"

The Bad Man, alarmed at these words, whirled around—and saw nothing. With an oath he turned back—and saw something he wasn't expecting. To his surprise he found himself looking straight into the muzzle of a pistol held steadily by the hand of the new marshal.

The Bad Man's eyes opened and his lower jaw dropped. He crouched as close to the bar as he could get. He seemed to have nothing to say just then; and the marshal, too, remained silent for the moment. The crowd hesitated, feeling that the time for paying homage to the Bad Man was passing, but not yet quite sure that it was safe to transfer its homage to the marshal.

"But, as I started to remark, my dear sir," Dent resumed, calmly, "surely you have no reason to trouble yourself on my account, to the extent you proposed; so I think I shall have to decline your kind intentions. I do not wish to appear ungrateful, but under the circumstances I believe you must see for yourself that it would be better for you to forego the pleasure of showing me the favor you contemplated. I hardly think you will do me the honor of spanking me to-day."

The Bad Man was not so sure of that himself now. Nevertheless he made a movement to raise his pistol, but the marshal promptly put a stop to that.

"Just place your guns on the bar," he said, "and then stand away from them."

The Bad Man, after one look at the threatening pistol-barrel and the stern, pale face behind it, submissively obeyed.

"You should remove your hat when in the company

of gentlemen," Dent went on, "and as you have failed to do so I'll remove it for you."

With that he shot the Bad Man's hat from his head. Then he added:

"I see a fly on one of your ears. Allow me to remove it."

There was another pistol report and the Bad Man felt a burning sensation along the rim of his ear.

"Oh, no thanks, at all," Dent said. "It is really a pleasure, I assure you. Ah! I see you have a small boil on the side of your face there. Permit me to open it for you. It really needs attention." There was another crack of the pistol, then Dent added: "There, the boil will bother you no more. My dear sir, is there any other little favor I could render you? Don't hesitate to mention it if there is, for you are quite welcome to these trifling attentions. Quite welcome, I assure you."

The Bad Man, with his form as limp as a rag and his eyes hanging out, managed to gasp: "For God's sake, don't kill me."

"No? Well, I won't. If you were worth it I might, but as you're not I'll merely spank you and then kick you out of town. I'll show you that I can appreciate a kind intention by rendering you the favor you proposed to show me."

There was a whiskey-barrel lying at one side of the room, with some empty boxes near it. Pointing to the barrel, Dent said to the Bad Man in tones so gentle as to be almost kind:

"Will you please do me the kindness to lay yourself over that barrel with your face downward? I will not detain you longer than I can help."

The Bad Man hesitated, but Dent was insistent. Leveling his pistol straight at the Bad Man's head he said:

"I hope you are not going to refuse me so small a service. I really think you would better grant my trifling request."

The Bad Man looked at the pistol, then at Dent, and finally concluded that perhaps it would be better. So he walked over to the barrel, though there was an air of reluctance in his movement, and, with not the very best grace in the world, stretched himself across it with his head hanging down on one side and his feet on the other.

Then Dent, keeping his pistol in range with the Bad Man's head, took up a piece of pine-box lid about three feet long and five or six inches wide. Next he stepped back until he had gained exactly the right position to make his efforts the most effective. Then, with a bow and a polite "Permit me," he began to bestow upon the Bad Man one of the warmest favors he had ever received in all his life.

Once the Bad Man looked up at the crowd appealingly, hoping it might come to his aid in the hour of his dire extremity, but the crowd realized that he was a fallen hero and that his reign as a bad man was over; so it had no aid, and no sympathy, even, to waste on him, and all he got from it was a cold, unfeeling horse-laugh that made his heart sick. Thus does the rabble turn upon the mighty in the hour when the mighty falls.

Dent laid on with the pine board until it was in splinters, then securing another he wielded it as long as there was a piece of it large enough to wield. He kept this up until his arm ached, and he was breathless from violent exertion.

Then he took the Bad Man by the collar and jerked him to his feet, and, holding him so, marched him out of the saloon, dealing him a kick, first with one foot and then the other, at every step. This he continued for three blocks down the streets, and then, completely exhausted, he let the Bad Man go.

And the Bad Man went. He went immediately, he went spiritedly, and he went straight forward, with his eyes fixed to the front and with not one look backward. So far as Roundup knows he is going yet, for from that day to this he has never been seen, nor even heard of, by any one in that town.

The new marshal thought he rather enjoyed his position, so he served out his term, but at the next election he declined to be a candidate again. The duties of the office had become so tame as to be monotonous and irksome, and he advised the election of some older man who liked a quiet, peaceful life.

Danger in Raw Vegetables.

PROFESSOR GUALDI, chief of the Bureau of Hygiene of Rome, who has given much attention to the study of typhoid fever as it occurs in large cities, has observed a close connection between its prevalence and the consumption of raw vegetables, the seasonal curve of typhoid fever corresponding closely to that indicating the quantity of such vegetables sold throughout the different months of the year. Apart from the occurrence of local infections due to accidental pollution of water-supply or milk-supply, the contamination of either of the latter cannot satisfactorily explain the distribution of cases in the city of Rome, whereas it is readily accounted for on the hypothesis that these cases arise in connection with the consumption of raw vegetables which is so extensive among the lower classes there. At Padua a careful microscopical and bacteriological examination of vegetables commonly eaten in the raw state, including lettuce and celery, has yielded results which clearly demonstrate the importance of these as a possible source of parasitic and infectious diseases generally. By the bacteriological examination microbes were found in such myriads that a complete list of their species could not be made. The danger of eating salads made of vegetables containing this vast amount of parasitic and microbial life must be considerable. A thorough disinfection is, however, easily effected by soaking the vegetables for half an hour in a three-per-cent. solution of tartaric acid (about an ounce of acid to a quart of water).

HINTS TO MONEY-MAKERS.

THE nation is like the individual, because the nation is merely an aggregation of individuals massed. When the individual has plenty of money he spends it, if he is extravagant, and he invests it if he is saving. Plenty of money to loan, on the part of a great many individuals, means freer speculation. Extraordinary prosperity in this country during the past two or three years has led to extraordinary dealings in investment and speculative securities. Never before in the history of the country during a similar period have so many stocks and bonds been purchased outright, taken from the market and put away in strong-boxes for permanent investment, as during the past year. In consequence there has been, instead of the plethora of stocks noticeable in dull times, a real scarcity of good securities. Even the oldest veterans of Wall Street did not realize this fact until they observed the rapidity with which the prices of dividend-paying securities and of bonds of the best and better classes advanced under favorable conditions, such as the great combinations among the railroad magnates lately have led up.

The large increase in the loans of the banks begins to indicate, however, that prices have reached approximately their highest level. Furthermore, the issue of enormous amounts of new securities in the shape of stocks and bonds, largely as the result of proposed new combinations, is absorbing surplus funds with great rapidity. The Atchison is about to sell \$5,000,000 of general mortgage bonds, though for what purpose is not very clear. The Pressed Steel Car Company is said to have authorized a large issue of gold notes; the American Linseed is in the market for a loan; the Union Pacific is about to issue \$100,000,000 bonds to complete its absorption of the Southern Pacific; the Baltimore and Ohio will issue \$15,000,000 debentures for construction purposes, and nobody knows what new issues of stocks and bonds will be required to complete the great combination of iron and steel interests now being consummated. At the same time Great Britain is about to put out \$55,000,000 of its war loan at prices netting about 3½ per cent. to the investor. It can easily be seen that if such emissions on such a large scale continue, there will be little idle money floating about seeking investments. I still believe that we are approaching the era of highest prices, and that we shall have a decided reaction before many months have elapsed. The bulls are having their innings at the beginning of the year, it will be the turn of the bears before its close.

"M." Buffalo, N. Y.: Yes. (2) Not for a long time to come.

"R." Boston: I would not put my money in Eastern Star Oil Company.

"Inquisitive": Palmetto is not dealt in on our exchange. Consult a mercantile agency.

"C. F." Greenville, Miss.: I do not advise the purchase of California Consolidated Oil.

"D." Newton, Mass.: Of your Copper stocks, the best is Amalgamated. The others I think very little of.

"C. E. M." New York: Watson & Gibson, 55 Broadway. (2) No; not at present. No stamp inclosed.

"C." Detroit, Mich.: I do not advise investments in the Empire Consolidated Mining Company. No stamp inclosed.

"W." Hanging Rock, O.: Have nothing to do with him, or with any other person who offers to divide your profits and not share your losses.

"W. A. C." Boston: I do not advise the purchase of Eastern Star Oil Company stock, or of any other oil stock offered at 25 cents a share.

"L." North Adams, Mass.: I would not sell Jersey Central short. If the coal combination holds, it is likely to go considerably higher.

"Calvin." New Bedford, Mass.: All of the books you refer to can be read with advantage, but none can be accepted as a positive guide.

"H." Cincinnati: I do not regard the Boston Gas bond as a permanent investment. (2) The Kansas bonds are not dealt in on the exchange.

"H. E. P." Phila.: The error was as you inferred. The market price is not always a fair index. The purchases and sales sometimes enlighten the situation.

"C." Acushnet, Mass.: I would have nothing to do with any of the copper companies to which you refer, and certainly would let the oil company severely alone.

"Executor." Philadelphia: A good safe bond netting 4 per cent. will be found in the Southern Railway first general 5s, in Northern Pacific 3s, or the Chicago and Alton general 3½s.

"R." Yonkers, N. Y.: Low-priced stocks, like Colorado Southern second preferred, have been finding their best market of late. I would not sell at a sacrifice if you can afford to wait.

"C. E. S." Boston: Mergerthal is a very good industrial investment for the present. (2) Competition threatens the rubber business, but preferred Rubber at present prices looks low. No stamp.

"A." Indianapolis, Ind.: There is talk of a new stock privilege to be offered to Pennsylvania Railroad stockholders. Such an offer ought to advance its price. What it will sell for six months hence depends upon the outlook for general business and the crops.

"Club." Montana: I should hesitate to sell any of the investment stocks short, unless I was prepared to stand by my position at least until the close of the year. (2) No; if what I hear is true. (3) Good judges of the Street agree with you on Northern Pacific.

"W." New York: I would hold my Wabash B debentures in the expectation of the declaration of an interest payment, probably in the early summer. Manhattan around the figure you name ought to be a good investment if permanently held. Glad you profited by my advice.

"C." Hudson, N. Y.: The market is getting pretty high. Your question is answered elsewhere in this column. (2) The continued strength of Rock Island and the other grangers depends largely upon the crop outlook next summer. (3) Buy outright and

hold. (4) I think well of Manhattan Elevated as an investment.

"C." Evansville, Ind.: If money continues easy and the market situation is not changed by unexpected eventualities, Chesapeake and Ohio stock is still good for speculation. (2) Speculators who are alert and watchful always find a profit in quick turns when the market is active.

"R." Mt. Washington, Md.: I do not advise the purchase of Eastern Star Oil Company stock, or any other stock offered at 25 cents a share. I advise you to keep your \$100 in a savings-bank. It is too little with which to venture into the field of speculation. (2) Not of the highest rating.

"W. G. F." St. Louis: The Monon ought to show you a pretty fair profit, but I would not hold it too long. M., K. and T. common has been advancing rapidly of late on the expectation of a deal or combination. If one is made, it will be a good time to sell. I hear good reports of Chicago and Alton.

"G." Water Gap, Penn.: I would close out my Atchison "shorts" unless you are prepared for a very long pull. It is the obvious purpose of the managers of the property to put the common much higher. (2) I think you will escape a loss on Tennessee Coal and Iron, but I would not hold too long.

"M." Syracuse, N. Y.: Glad you made such a handsome profit on my advice. (1) Not at present. (2) Everything depends upon conditions. Cannot name them now. (3) In panicky times the established dividend-payers are always a safe and profitable purchase, either for speculation or investment.

"S." Fremont, Neb.: All of the bonds you mention are good investments, though the unsettled condition of national affairs in Mexico would make me hesitate to invest in its securities. Conditions in that country are improving, but the death of Diaz might lead to very serious complications. See answer to "C., Fitchburg."

"E. L. C." Hagerstown, Md.: Plenty of sharpers in Wall Street will take your money and "invest" it for you, but it will not be long before they will have the money and you will have the experience. If you can get 5 per cent. on your money in safe investments, be satisfied with it and keep out of Wall Street, at least until prices are much lower.

"L." Arlington: I can only suggest that you follow the recommendations of this column. For instance, if you had bought, a few months ago, any of the stocks like Texas Pacific, Missouri Pacific, or M., K. & T., or the Wabash debenture B bonds, at the time their purchase was advised, you would have had a good profit now.

"R." Constant Reader, Newark, N. J.: It will be a long time before Missouri Pacific drops to the figures at which it was quoted before the Presidential election. (2) Those who know all about the earnings of Missouri Pacific believe it is worth par. (3) Try Kansas City Southern, common or preferred, or Texas Pacific on reactions.

"B." Indianapolis: The common stock of the Great Western Railway is selling pretty high, but in a speculative market like this is likely to be still farther advanced. (2) It is reported that there is. (3) If the market maintains its strength I certainly would buy it rather than sell it. A speculative stock, which has a better future, I think, is Kansas City and Southern common.

"H." Indianapolis: The bonds are fairly good, but are not of the gilt-edged variety. (2) The last quarterly dividend on Woolen preferred was paid January 15th. (3) No sales and no quotations on the bonds. (4) The Missouri Pacific trust five is quoted at 106¼ at this writing, and pays, therefore, nearly 5 per cent. (5) I do not think the Boston Gas stock is a good investment.

"P." Philadelphia, Penn.: National Salt preferred is a good industrial investment, though the recent action of its directors in postponing the dividend on the common until after the stock had dropped makes me suspicious of the management. Many think the price would naturally be higher if the dividends were being fairly earned, with a good prospect of long continuance.

"A." Bath, Me.: I do not believe in the copper company you refer to as an investment. It would be better to put your money in a savings-bank, because you hardly have sufficient to operate on Wall Street successfully. I do not expect that you will follow this advice, because the speculative fever has seemed to possess many persons with small savings. Nevertheless, I give it, and give it honestly, and later on you will thank me for it.

"I." New Bedford, Mass.: I advised the purchase of Wabash debenture B and Texas Pacific for a long pull, months ago. They have reached pretty high figures, but on reactions are still promising. (2) I believe rather in Erie first preferred than in the common. Reading first preferred also deserves to be watched. (3) Ultimately, Long Island Railroad should have quite an advance. Union Pacific's new position ought to strengthen it.

"G. J." Cincinnati: Until the reorganization plan of the Linseed company is made clear, I would not advise the purchase of the stock. In the past Linseed Oil has made considerable money, and with good management it should have been able to continue the dividends on the preferred. (2) I do not recommend any of the iron or steel stocks for small investors for permanent investment. (3) Keep your Standard Oil. You inclosed no stamp.

"Trader." Philadelphia: Much competition in the cotton-oil business has sprung up, but it is said that the American Cotton Oil Company still continues to do well. It has made no recent statement of its earnings, and many stockholders are anxious to know the cause of the decline in the common. There is a suspicion that insiders have marketed their stock and are willing to see it go lower. I would not sacrifice my holdings at a loss.

"Subscriber." Danville, Penn.: General Electric has had a very substantial rise. It is making large profits, because of prosperous conditions, and has been paying extra dividends. In time of depression I have doubts whether it could maintain its dividends at existing rates. I therefore do not regard it as a good permanent investment. The management is progressive and has been conservative. Many of its products are protected by patents.

"S." Hamilton, O.: Anaconda Copper has a capital of \$30,000,000 in shares of \$25 each. It pays \$1.25 a share semi-annually, with 75 cents extra, and has paid dividends for some length of time on the 1st of May and November. If the demand for copper continues to be as good as it has been I regard the stock with favor. The Amalgamated Copper Company controls it through stock ownership. (2) I think well of C. B. and Q. for investment purposes around the figure you name.

"M." Anniston, Ala.: If money continues to be as superabundant as it now is, the magnates of the market can easily raise quotations of many stocks ten points. (2) I would be inclined to cover and go long, acting cautiously and conservatively. (3) I have for months advised the purchase of Manhattan Elevated, and believe it will sell higher than the price you name. (4) A market which has had such a sustained rise is not one in which the inexperienced should venture too far.

"Financier." Nashville, Tenn.: I do not recommend the purchase of the Bavarian or Saxony bonds offered for public subscription. Both these kingdoms are enormously overburdened with debt, and their loans do not compare in security with American government bonds. (3) I do not see how you can escape the income tax of 5 per cent. deducted by the British government from the interest paid to investors on its recent loan. This makes the rate of interest 3.83 instead of 4 per cent.

"W." Brooklyn, N. Y.: The present is a dangerous market for a neophyte. (2) Union Pacific and

Northern Pacific preferred, New York Central, Pennsylvania, St. Paul and Northwest preferred, Delaware, Lackawanna, and Delaware and Hudson are good investment stocks. (3) I believe in the future of Manhattan Elevated and of Texas Pacific, and also think that Kansas City and Southern preferred ought in time to be a dividend-payer. (4) I think American Steel and Wire preferred has been selling as high as it should, considering the instability of the iron trade.

"Sinbar." New York: National City Bank of New York is regarded favorably as an investment, even at present high prices. It sold recently at auction at \$529 to \$530 per share. It pays only 6 per cent. per annum on par, or less than one cent on the purchase price. The fact that it has over \$125,000,000 of deposits, and that banks generally expect to earn about 2 per cent. on their deposits, which would be \$2,500,000, or 25 per cent. on the capital of \$10,000,000, no doubt has a good deal to do with the case.

"S." Okolona, Miss.: So many promises have been made regarding the future of the stock and so few of them have been kept, that most speculators avoid this particular issue. (2) Yes. (3) Colorado and Southern fourths at the price named are a fair speculative purchase. (4) Kansas City Southern preferred, and Texas Pacific, and Long Island Railroad are regarded with favor, and also the Kansas City Southern 3 per cent. bonds. (5) The Buffalo gas bonds are picking up, but I do not look upon them as a good permanent investment. (6) Cannot advise regarding cotton futures. No stamp inclosed.

"Banker." Johnstown, N. Y.: I know of none better than this. (2) The Atchison will no doubt become a factor in the great railroad combination now forming. Eventually, with bad crops and bad business conditions, which are sure to follow before many years have passed, railroad stocks will drop to a much lower level, but the present situation is more favorable to an advance than to a decline in Atchison common, and it might pay you to take your loss and recoup by buying for an advance. Large operators protect themselves from heavy losses by purchasing puts or calls, which can be had from almost any prominent broker.

"Reader." St. Louis: While local gas stocks are excellent investment securities, a danger looms up on the horizon that may make itself manifest within a few years. Acetylene gas can be made so easily by any householder, in a plant separate and distinct from every other plant, that the moment calcium carbide, from which this gas is made, becomes cheap, that moment every house and factory will be ready to make gas for its own use. German manufacturers are making calcium carbide at such a low price that the use of acetylene gas is rapidly increasing; it even threatens to reduce the importation of American petroleum to that country.

"A Constant Reader." Newark, N. J.: It would be well to wait. (2) Colorado Southern common has little but a speculative value. Proposed combinations of railroad interests may advance it, but it is already twice as high as it sold a year ago. (3) Texas Pacific and Kansas City Southern common. (4) Southern Railway common has doubled in value since last year, but the prosperity of the South is adding to the value of all Southern railway properties. (5) Yes. (6) In such a market your margin should not be less than 20 per cent. (7) If I am correctly advised, interest payment will be made on the Wabash debenture Bs in June. If so, they will go higher. (8) Try a flyer on Atchison common.

"J." Yonkers, N. Y.: I regard Chesapeake and Ohio first consolidated, Erie first four, Southern Railroad first five, and Central of Georgia first five favorably, especially the first three mentioned. (2) The funded debt of the New York, Ontario and Western is not very large, and the surplus earnings of the road have been more than the entire interest charges. Hence the bonds are regarded with great favor. (3) The plethora of money and the scarcity of good bonds tend to maintain the high prices of the latter. Until money becomes scarcer and higher the prices of bonds will not be likely to drop very much. (4) I agree with you that it is quite as safe for an investor at these times, who has but little capital, to put it in a savings-bank if he can get four per cent. for it. When a smash comes in the market he can use his ready money to best advantage.

"L." Rochester, N. Y.: No one knows what J. Pierpont Morgan has made by his successful conduct of bull operations during the past few months. It is a general belief that it added about \$50,000,000 to his estate. A leading railroad director tells me that Mr. Morgan's bonus for bringing about the combination between the Pennsylvania Coal Company and the Erie Railroad was \$5,000,000 of the first preferred stock of the latter company. An additional issue to cover this reward of merit will be made by the stockholders. This might be accepted as a tip to keep your eye on Erie first preferred. (3) The combination between the Carnegie Steel Company and the American Sheet Steel Company, by which the latter agrees to buy its sheet bars from the former for five years, in return for a promise from the Carnegie Company to abandon its plans for building sheet steel mills, shows the power that Carnegie holds. A similar combination with the National Tube is talked of. I again repeat that if my readers want to invest in the iron and steel stocks it might be well for them to buy some of the Carnegie Company's.

"Investor." Richmond, Va.: California is full of wild-cat oil companies offering stock at from twenty-five cents a share upward. Leave them all alone. (2) All is not so peaceful among the railroad and steamship lines. Since the break between Pacific Mail and the Panama Railroad, a fierce traffic war has broken out and rates on some shipments have been reduced nearly one-half. (3) I do not regard the reaction in the market as amounting to very much to date. Present prices look high when we compare them with the lowest prices of last year, when American Steel and Wire common sold under 30, American Sugar at 96, Tin Plate common at 18, Continental Tobacco at 22, Federal Steel at 29, and Tennessee Coal and Iron at 49. Even these prices are high compared with the low prices of four years ago, when Brooklyn Rapid Transit sold at 22, Chesapeake and Ohio at 17, C. B. & Q. at 78, St. Paul at 76, Rock Island at 68, Louisville and Nashville at 50, Missouri Pacific at 24, Missouri, Kansas and Texas preferred at 29, North American at 6, Southern Pacific at 14, and Tennessee Coal and Iron at 29.

"L." Rochester, N. Y.: Nothing has been more amazing than the strength of the Pacific stocks, including Atchison, Northern and Union Pacific. The friends of Atchison common seriously predict that it will sell as high as Northern Pacific common. This may indicate that a larger dividend is to be declared at the approaching meeting. (2) I still have faith in Amalgamated Copper. (3) Kansas City Southern, preferred and common, which are controlled by the Harriman interests, are liable at any time to be strengthened by the announcement that they have been taken into some new combination. (4) A boom in the industrials may possibly mark the close of the present bull movement. The fact that the greatest investment security on the market, namely, Standard Oil, which is now paying 20 per cent. quarterly dividends and selling at over \$800 a share, is an industrial is no indication that all other industrial shares are equally stable and secure, but such preferred industrials as American Tobacco, American Sugar, American Chiclé, American Ice preferred, International Paper preferred, National Tube preferred, and a number of others, are regarded favorably by many financiers. I cannot deny, however, that most of the strong financiers look with disfavor on both the preferred and common shares of all the newly-created industrials. Perhaps they will get over this after a time, for it was only six years ago that Standard Oil was selling at less than 200, and some of these financiers were then distrustful of its future.

(Continued on following page.)

FINANCIAL AND INSURANCE.

BOND OFFERINGS

Brooklyn Edison 1st Mtg. 4s,
Chic. & Burlington 3½s,
Cleve. & Marietta 1st 4½s,
Evans. & Terre Haute Con. 6s,
Minn. Gen'l Elect. 1st Con. 5s,
Minn. & St. L. Con. 5s,
Norf. & West. Imp. & Ext. 6s,
Rio Grande West. 1st 4s,
Terminal R. R. of St. L. Con. 5s,
United Rys. Co. of St. L. 1st 4s.

Descriptive Circular on Application.

Spencer Trask & Co.

27-29 Pine Street,

65 State St., Albany.

New York.

They said he owed nothing when he died. A little inquiry showed he had not provided for his chief creditors—his family. This debt is best discharged through a life insurance policy in the

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COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. MCCURDY, President

STATEMENT

For the year ending December 31, 1900
According to the Standard of the Insurance Department of the State of New York

INCOME	
Received for Premiums	\$47,211,171 38
From all other Sources	13,371,630 92
	\$60,582,802 31
DISBURSEMENTS	
To Policy-holders for Claims by Death	\$15,052,652 92
To Policy-holders for Endowments, Dividends, etc.	11,309,210 91
For all other accounts	13,084,749 63
	\$39,446,613 51
ASSETS	
United States Bonds and other Securities	\$183,308,624 91
First Lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage	77,235,867 38
Loans on Bonds and other Securities	12,170,000 00
Loans on Company's own Policies	8,629,769 43
Real Estate: Company's Office Buildings in London, Paris, Berlin, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Sydney and Mexico, and other Real Estate	23,575,840 73
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	13,209,316 32
Accrued Interest, Not Deferred Premiums, etc.	7,473,733 74
	\$325,758,152 51
LIABILITIES	
Policy Reserves, etc.	\$269,191,130 26
Contingent Guarantee Fund	54,122,022 23
Available for Authorized Dividends	2,440,000 00
	\$325,758,152 51
Insurance and Annuities in force	
	\$1,141,497,888 02

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct; liabilities calculated by the Insurance Department.

CHARLES A. PRELLER, Auditor

ROBERT A. GRANNISS, Vice-President

WALTER R. GILLETTE, General Manager
ISAAC F. LLOYD, 2d Vice-President
FREDERIC CROMWELL, Treasurer
EMORY MCCLINTOCK, Actuary

THE WORLD OF AMUSEMENT.

DURING the week beginning February 18th the students of Columbia University began to give eight performances of their annual college opera. Ever since the days of the original "Columbia Strollers" this event has been a red-letter one in college affairs and an event in the social world of New York. The operas are always the work of graduates or students in the college, and in previous years the music has been reproduced in "The French Maid," at Weber and Fields' and elsewhere. This year "Princess Proud" was presented. The score is the work of George Sanford Parsons, of Brooklyn, leader of the University Glee Club, and the books and lyrics by Parsons, with Adrian Russell Allan as collaborator. The action of the play deals with the troubles of *King Hotstuff II.*, ruler of the kingdom of Nowhere (in particular). His Majesty has had many adversities in war and has been greatly humiliated by defeats at the hands of *King Pieface*, of the neighboring realm. His daughter, the *Princess Florence*, is also a source of much trouble through her obstinacy in refusing the lovers her father has picked out for her, and plights her troth in secret with Bernard, a young gallant. *Hotstuff*, however, decides to offer the hand of the *Princess Proud* to any one who shall succeed in making him smile—a thing he has not done for years, and, to get Bernard out of the way, he sends him at the head of the royal army against *Pieface*. A band of barn-storming actors, led by the urbane and self-confident *Woodby-Actor*, appears on the scene, and, learning of the award, decides to enter the competition for the hand of the princess. With all the other competitors they are sentenced by the irascible *Hotstuff* to a dismal term in the palace dungeon. At the proper time Bernard appears and announces the defeat and capture of *Pieface*, who is brought in as a hostage in triumph—to say nothing of the princess, who has eloped and returns to share Bernard's glory. *Hotstuff*, delighted at the turn of affairs, smiles, forgives and forgets, and all comes to the usual comic-opera end. The comedy in the show predominates and is supplied by the company of alleged actors, the meek and docile prime minister, *Toolikerchoocha*, and the coy and piquant princess. Opportunities are offered for many catchy songs and choruses, notable among which are "Mistress Girl," "A Penny for Your Thoughts," "Cindy," "We Never Do Such Things as That To-day," and the finale to act. The cast is as follows: *King Hotstuff II.*, S. M. Ross; *Toolikerchoocha*, R. Hoguet; *Bernard*, H. S. Harrington; *A. Woodby-Actor*, H. T. Spence; *MacDuffy*, J. W. Spencer; *Hochheim*, W. S. Blun.

"Vienna Life," at the Broadway, continues to draw enthusiastic audiences. The great ball-room scene in the second act is nightly received with delight. The new singers have considerably strengthened the cast. Miss Edith Mason displays a strong and beautiful soprano voice. Mr. Harry Luckstone has made a strong character part out of *Prince Gindelbach*. It is not generally known that Miss Edith Mason is a niece of Henry Watterson and a great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin. She comes of a family of singers and actors, and for many years was the prima-donna of the Castle Square Opera Company.

The popular playwright of to-day seems to be Clyde Fitch. His latest effort, "Lover's Lane," at the Manhattan Theatre, does not present a new theme, but it is diverting and pleases popular fancy. Its portrayal of the weaknesses and foibles of rural society is strengthened by admirable scenic accessories, and though not very much is demanded of the company, good work is done by Ernest Hastings, Edward Ratcliffe, Miss Douglas, Miss Comstock, and Miss James.

The success of Blanche Bates in "Under Two Flags," at the Garden, is pronounced and well deserved. Paul Potter's dramatization of Ouida's romance gives Miss Bates the best opportunity she has yet had to display her versatility, and nothing has been spared in the way of good support and fine stage settings by Mr. Frohman and Mr. Belasco, whose joint efforts ought to signalize success in whatever they undertake. Miss Bates has her strongest support from Maelyn Arbuckle, Francis Car-

lyle, Edward S. Abeles, Albert Bruning, Campbell Gollan, and Margaret Robinson.

It is unfortunate that so good a play as "Richard Savage," in which Henry Miller and a very excellent company are ap-



JENNIE EUSTACE IN "RICHARD SAVAGE."

pearing at the Lyceum Theatre, should be almost completely spoiled by a tedious and absolutely painful, unnecessary, and inexpedient closing act. It is a tiresome death scene, long drawn out and unrelieved in its monotony by a single feature of interest, excepting the falling of the curtain, which is welcomed with pleasurable anticipation. A happier termination of the play would redeem it and entitle it to a long and prosperous run. It is not too late for Mrs. Ryley to consider this suggestion. The most interesting character in the performance, next to that of *Richard Savage*, is that of Mrs. Brett, the former Countess of Macclesfield, taken by Miss Jennie Eustace. It is the part of a heartless mother who refuses to recognize a son born of her transgression. Miss Eustace, who has shown in many leading parts rare ability and an intelligent capacity for understanding and appreciation, is superb in "Richard Savage," and fairly shares the honors with Mr. Miller. In the minds of many she is the saving salt of the play, and her work indicates a versatility that promises much. Miss Florence Rock-



FLORENCE ROCKWELL, OF HENRY MILLER'S COMPANY. plays the lovable, winsome young woman with grace and refinement. JASON.

Hints to Money-makers.

(Continued from preceding page)

"M." Indianapolis: Standing is only fair. (2) I know of none. "Memphian," Memphis, Tenn.: Yes. (2) No. (3) Looks as if the pool meant to advance it much higher. (4) Not yet. "Inquirer," Buffalo, N. Y.: The St. Louis Iron Mountain and Southern general 4s, and Southern Pacific collateral trust 4s, are a good investment, and many expect that they will sell higher. "W." Sioux City, Ia.: I would not put my money in either one of the three speculative propositions you mention. The fact that they were advertised in the *Outlook* or anywhere else is not a recommendation. Publishers will take any decent advertisement for which payment is tendered. "Frank," New York: When I advised the purchase of Carnegie stock I sold at \$1,000 a share. If I wanted an investment in any of the steel or iron stocks I should still prefer Carnegie. (2) Ontario and Western. (3) I still think they are good. (4) Answered elsewhere in this column.

"McG." Kalamazoo, Mich.: The New York firm which offers to take your \$50 and invest it for you was recently involved in trouble with the Consolidated Exchange. Don't touch it. (2) The Wabash stocks will continue in favor if the market maintains its strength. The preferred is the safer.

"W. W." Brunswick, Mo.: Of the stocks you name for speculation, I should prefer Texas Pacific and Erie. Neither of these is a dividend-payer. (2) American Linseed is now practically being reorganized. The plan for relieving it of its difficulties has not been made clear at this writing.

"Montana," S. D.: The decline in Pressed Steel Car is due to the statement that it is about to borrow \$5,000,000 to meet the demands of its business. The fact that its reports had been showing earnings of from 15 to 20 per cent. on the common stock seemed inconsistent with the necessity for borrowing money, and led to a grave question as to the permanent character of investments in the stock.

"Riverside Inn," Saranac, N. Y.: The National Salt is guaranteeing the stock of a company that it is absorbing, hence the new issue. The fact that this stock is offered for public subscription by advertisement, on a basis of 14-per cent. profit, makes me doubtful as to the permanence of the large earnings of National Salt and of the value of its common stock. The preferred has greater merit.

"P." Brooklyn: The value of all the iron and steel stocks is contingent upon the outcome of the proposed combination or agreement of the iron interests. Intrinsically, Republic Iron and Steel common has little or no value aside from its voting quality. (2) I regard the first mortgage 5s of the Louisville, Henderson and St. Louis Railroad as offering fair opportunities for speculative investment.

"E." Anaconda, Mont.: The common stocks of investment railroads sometimes sell higher than the preferred because of the limitations regarding the dividends on the latter, which do not usually exist regarding the former. (2) General depression in the market might cause a decline in Baltimore and Ohio and Union Pacific to as low a point as 80, and the preferred stocks at such a figure would be regarded as a good investment.

"C." Fitchburg, Mass.: The Denver and Southwestern 5s, the Central Vermont first 4s, and the Wheeling and Lake Erie first consolidated mortgage 4s, are all good bonds. I think equally well of Southern Pacific 4s around 90. This bond ought to sell considerably higher. A good cheap bond is the San Antonio and Aransas Pass 4s around 83 or 84. This bond is guaranteed, principal and interest, by the Southern Pacific company.

"S." Marion, Ind.: No. (3) Leather common is a foot-ball for speculation, a good stock for gambling, but not for investment. (3) Chicago Great Western is in favor because it is one of the cheap railroad stocks, all of which will advance if the bull movement continues, for most of the dividend-payers are reaching such a high level that speculators are naturally turning to low-priced securities. The same reasoning applies to Wabash preferred. I had rather deal in that than in Chicago Great Western common.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 13TH, 1901.

JASPER.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

It is a pleasure to call attention to the report of such a company as the Equitable Life Assurance Society, which has behind it not only the sentimental consideration of age—for it is one of the oldest of the great companies of the world—but, what is still better and more practicable, it has behind it a record that gives it the proudest kind of a title. The figures of its annual report, just issued, are almost startling in their magnitude. It reports insurance in force aggregating nearly \$1,117,000,000, a surplus of over \$66,000,000, and assets of over \$305,000,000. Its new insurance during 1900 was nearly \$4,000,000 a week, and it paid in dividends to policy-holders nearly \$3,500,000 during the year. One of the most pleasing statements in the report is to the effect that ninety-five per cent. of all the claims paid by the association last year to residents of the United States and Canada were settled within one day after their presentation. I have often called attention to the high standing and character of the Equitable. Its policy-holders need have no sleepless nights nor any anxious moments.

"G. C. H." Boston: I do not. No stamp inclosed. "M." Sterling, Ill.: I would prefer the New York company you mention. In the end it will give you the most satisfactory results. "L." Hebron, N. D.: Your inquiry is not clear. Please elucidate. No stamp inclosed.

"C." Milton, Penn.: I would prefer one of the strong, old-line companies. No stamp inclosed. "M." Grand Forks, N. D.: It is an assessment organization, and I do not believe in fraternal assessment insurance. In the end it will prove unsatisfactory.

"McG." Loveland, Ohio: The regular rate for a ten-payment life policy for \$1,000 in the New York Life at the age of thirty-eight years is \$65.21 annually, or \$33.91 if paid semi-annually.

"McC." Salt Lake: If you are insurable in a strong, old-line company, it will be advisable to drop your risk in the assessment company and take out a new one in a company where safety is assured.

"D." Syracuse, N. Y.: An endowment policy for ten, fifteen, or twenty years, in the Mutual Life, the Equitable, or the New York Life, or any of the other great, old-line companies, would be entirely satisfactory and highly profitable.

"B." Pawtucket, R. I.: Your case appears to be one for a lawyer. I think if a peremptory demand for a settlement were made from the assessment company, it would make it rather than to have the matter published or go into the courts to fight you. If I were insurable in an old-line company, I would drop my policy in the assessment concern at once.

"S." Philadelphia: You are having the usual experience of those who buy life insurance on the assessment plan. The cost increases with the advance of your years. The company you refer to has improved its standing, but I think you will be better satisfied in the end if you will take out a policy in one of the strong, old-line companies, like the Equitable, the Mutual, the New York Life, the Provident Savings, or any of the companies of their class.

The Hermit.



HOWARD S. HARRINGTON AS "BERNARD."



THE CAST OF "PRINCESS PROUD," AS PERFORMED BY THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE OPERA.



J. S. BUHLER AS "PRINCESS FLORENCE."

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.



THEY SKATED JUST THE SAME.

MR. PETERSON—"I kain't afford toe git dese heah boys no skates, but dey's goin' toe skate jes' de same, dey is."

Emblematic.

AN urchin with a puzzled look
Unto his father said,
"Why is it, upon all the coins
They stamp a woman's head?"
The father thought a moment, then
He gave him this reply:
"My child, they say that money talks.
I think that must be why."

The Danger of Chloroform.

"AND how is the hand to-day, darling?" inquired Mr. Dovey, fondly.

"Oh!" sighed Mrs. Dovey, "the pain has been something frightful. I have had to send for the doctor. He is coming to lance it; I expect him here every minute. I am going to take chloroform."

"Oh, Amorella, don't, please!"

"You want to see me tortured, then—after only two months of marriage!"

"How can you talk like that, Amorella? Why, don't you know sometimes people die under chloroform?"

"You say that just to frighten me. But I don't care; I'll risk it. Ah, here's the doctor! You will give me chloroform, won't you, doctor?"

"Certainly; I have come prepared."

"My husband here has been trying to frighten me with stories of people dying under its influence."

"Ah, but not where the medical man thoroughly understands the patient's constitution. Here, Dovey, take hold of this sponge. By the way, I was administering it yesterday to an old patient of mine, and really he was most amusing."

"Yes?"

"The way the old fellow talked about his early love affairs! He gave himself away dreadfully. It was great fun!"

"What did he say, doctor?" inquired Mrs. Dovey, anxiously.

"Excuse me. I ought not to repeat it."

"He knew, of course, that only you were there?"

"Oh, if the whole city had been there it would have been all the same. Are you ready now, Mrs. Dovey?"

"Will it hurt very much, doctor—the lancing?"

"With the chloroform you won't know anything about it."

"Don't you think I might manage to bear it without any?"

"Better not try. You might faint."

"Besides, Amorella," put in Dovey, "the doctor says there is no danger in your case."

"No! no! I want to show you men how a weak woman can bear pain."

"But just now, darling, you were determined—"

"Yes, dear, but I have been thinking. You would be here all the while, and—you would be so anxious."

No Time To Lose.

Cleverton—"Miss Twilling rejected me the other night, but she let me kiss her before we parted."

Dashaway (reflecting)—"I guess I'll go around to-night and propose myself."

Circumstantial Evidence.

Willie—"Your father is going to church to-morrow with your mother, ain't he?"

Tommy—"How did you know that?"

Willie—"Well, if he wasn't you'd never be digging bait on Saturday afternoon."

The Jeweler Was Well Caught.

"WILL you please examine this diamond," said a man who had stepped into a jeweler's shop, "and tell me what you think of it? If it is a good stone, I think I will buy it."

The jeweler took the gem, which was unset, and looked at it critically for a moment. Then, in confidential tones, he said:

"Well, to tell you the truth, that isn't a very good stone. It hasn't much fire; it is badly cut, and there is something here very much like a flaw." Then he held the diamond under a microscope and examined it carefully, finally observing, "No, it isn't exactly a flaw, but I shouldn't call it a perfect stone. Now, if you want something really fine, I have here—"

"Excuse me," the other man interrupted; "I don't think I'll buy a diamond to-day. This is a diamond that one of your assistants let me take on Saturday on approval. I deposited forty dollars on it. Please let me have my money and we will declare the deal off."

His Aim All Right.

"You ought to have seen Bagley out shooting with his revolver the other day. He couldn't hit a barn-door."

"How did that happen? I thought Bagley was a good shot."

"Well, so he is; but, you see, there wasn't a barn-door to hit."

A Lost Opportunity.

Maud—"Oh, hubby! to-day was bargain-day at some hardware store and I didn't even see it advertised in the papers."

Oscar—"Heavens! are the hardware stores beginning it?"

Maud—"Well, I heard Mr. Budge, this afternoon, say to a gentleman friend, 'Come along, Ned; let's get a ten-cent stove.'"

BUSINESS TERM.
Taking stock.

One to Johnny.

JOHNNY was a very dull sort of lad; his father could make nothing of him, so he determined to send him away to his uncle in the country, who he thought would be sure to sharpen him up a bit.

Johnny arrived in due course, and was shown all over the farm by his uncle, who lost no time in impressing on his mind the necessity of wearing old things out first before commencing on anything new.

Johnny seemed to take it all in very quietly, and the next morning the following conversation took place:

"Now, Johnny," said his uncle, "when you have finished your breakfast I want you to go down to the meadow and bring one of the two horses I showed you yesterday."

"Yes, uncle," said Johnny; "which am I to bring—the old 'un or the young 'un?"

"Now, Johnny," said the uncle, more in sorrow than in anger, "what did I tell you yesterday? How soon you forget! Why, bring the old one, of course. Always wear the old ones out first."

"Oh, well, if that's it," said Johnny, "hadn't you better go and fetch him?"

Her Right.

"GRANDNIECE," said the old lady, feebly, in a tone which indicated mental anxiety as well as bodily suffering.

"Yes, aunt. What is it?"

"When Dr. Slimset comes I suspect he will try to give me an anodyne, and I want you to promise me not to let him do it. It won't cure my disease, and if I have a pain I want to know it."

At the Other End.

A CERTAIN naval officer was very pompous and conceited when on duty.

One day, when he was officer-of-the-watch, and he could not, as usual, find anything of consequence to grumble about, he attempted to vent his spite on one of the stokers of the vessel, who was in the engine-room, on duty.

Going to the speaking-tube, the officer yelled:

"Is there a blithering idiot at the end of this tube?"

The reply came quick and startling:

"Not at this end, sir!"

The feelings of the officer, as he turned away with a black frown, can be better imagined than described.

A Question of Fees.

Dr. Snooper—"Dr. Sudden, I was much surprised to hear that you used a homoeopathic remedy the other day."

Dr. Sudden—"To tell you the truth, doctor, I did, and it cured the patient. But I wouldn't have it get out for the world."

Dr. Snooper—"I should think not. Why, you must be an eclectic."

Dr. Sudden—"N-o. But I do use whichever system seems the most feasible."

Lower Fare.

MANY good stories were told illustrating the quick wit and humor of the late Bishop Creighton, of London. One day, having driven down to Fulham, he tendered the cabman half-a-crown; one-and-sixpence was the legal fare. "You a Christian?" said the man. "All I ask you, sir, is whether if Saint Peter were now alive he would be living in this 'ere palace?" "Certainly not," replied the bishop promptly. "Saint Peter, were he living now, would be at Lambeth, and—it would only be a shilling fare!"

The Way He Did It.

ACCORDING to his best friends, the statesman who was so long known as Lord Hartington, of England, would have done far more in the world had he not been—to put it plainly—incurably lazy. On one occasion, while Chief Secretary for Ireland, a friend asked him: "How on earth do you manage to get through your work?" "I don't!" was the brief reply.

Anxious To Oblige.

Anxious Clubman—"Doctor, please come just as quick as you can to Colonel Tom Timberlake. He's seeing snakes."

Dr. Proctor—"My dear sir, I do not cure snake-bite; I take only surgical cases."

Anxious Clubman—"Oh, that'll be all right; by the time you get around to him I dare say Colonel Timberlake will have fallen out of bed and broken his neck."

An Eye to Business.

Agent—"I'd like to paint signs of my patent medicine all over your barn."

Farmer—"Well, what'll ye give me?"

Agent—"Fifty-two bottles of the medicine."

Farmer—"Give me two more bottles and I'll give you a deed of the place."

An Aspirated Puzzle.

Traveler (relating adventure)—"And the boat's screw being disabled, we were compelled to lay to."

Listener—"Pardon me, did I understand you to say the boat's screw, or the boat's crew?"

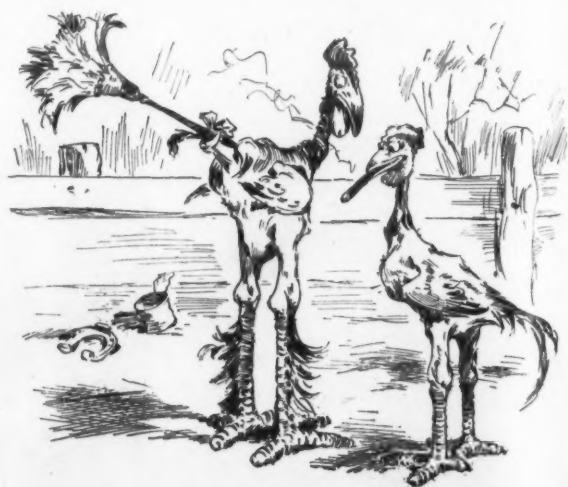
Traveler (indignantly)—"I said the boat-screw. Is that plain enough?"

Listener—"Oh, yes; thanks."

In the Midst of It.

Mr. B. (watching his wife arraying herself)—"You are like a monk—always at his beads."

Mrs. B.—"You also, love. You always wear his (s)cowl."



EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

Bertram (the Shanghai)—"Don't mention it. I'm moulting, you see. So I had to rig up artificially for the party this eve."

Hector (smilingly)—"Oh, you deceitful wretch!"

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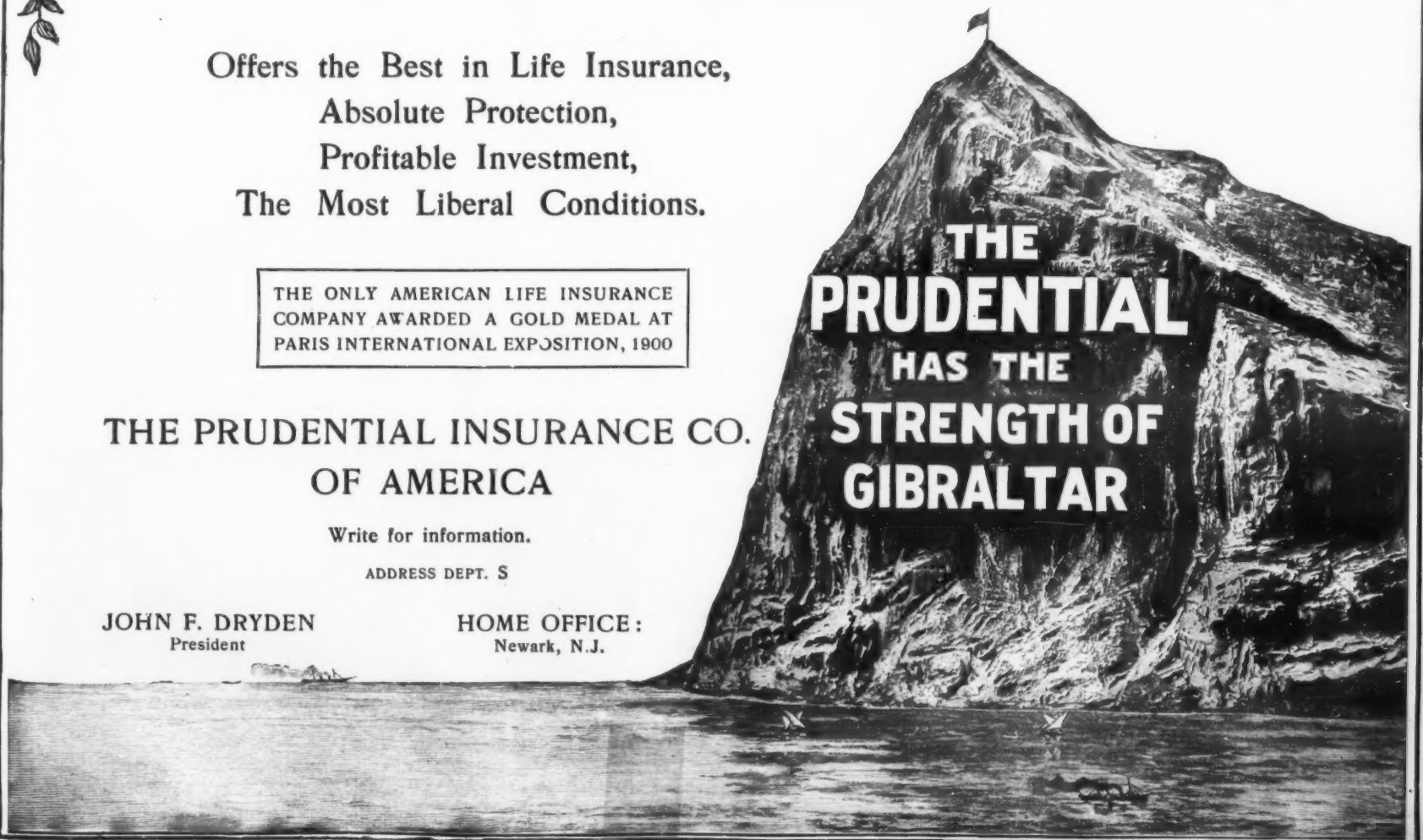
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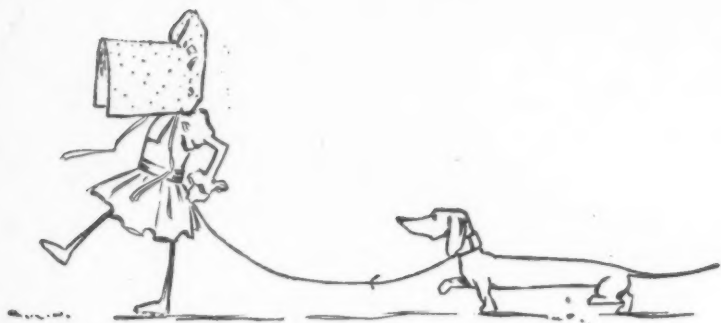
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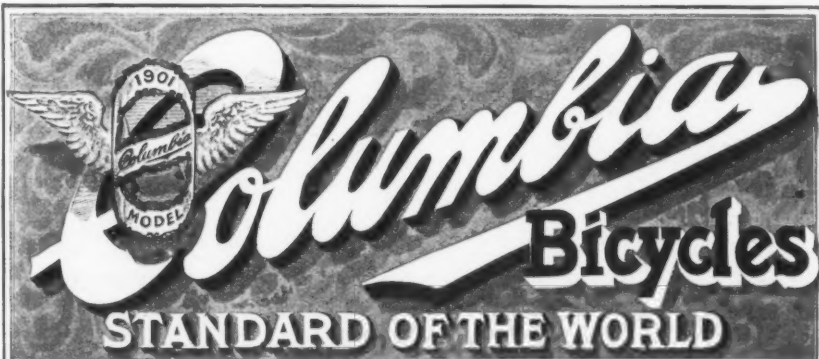
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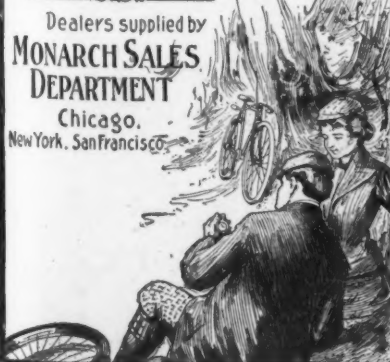
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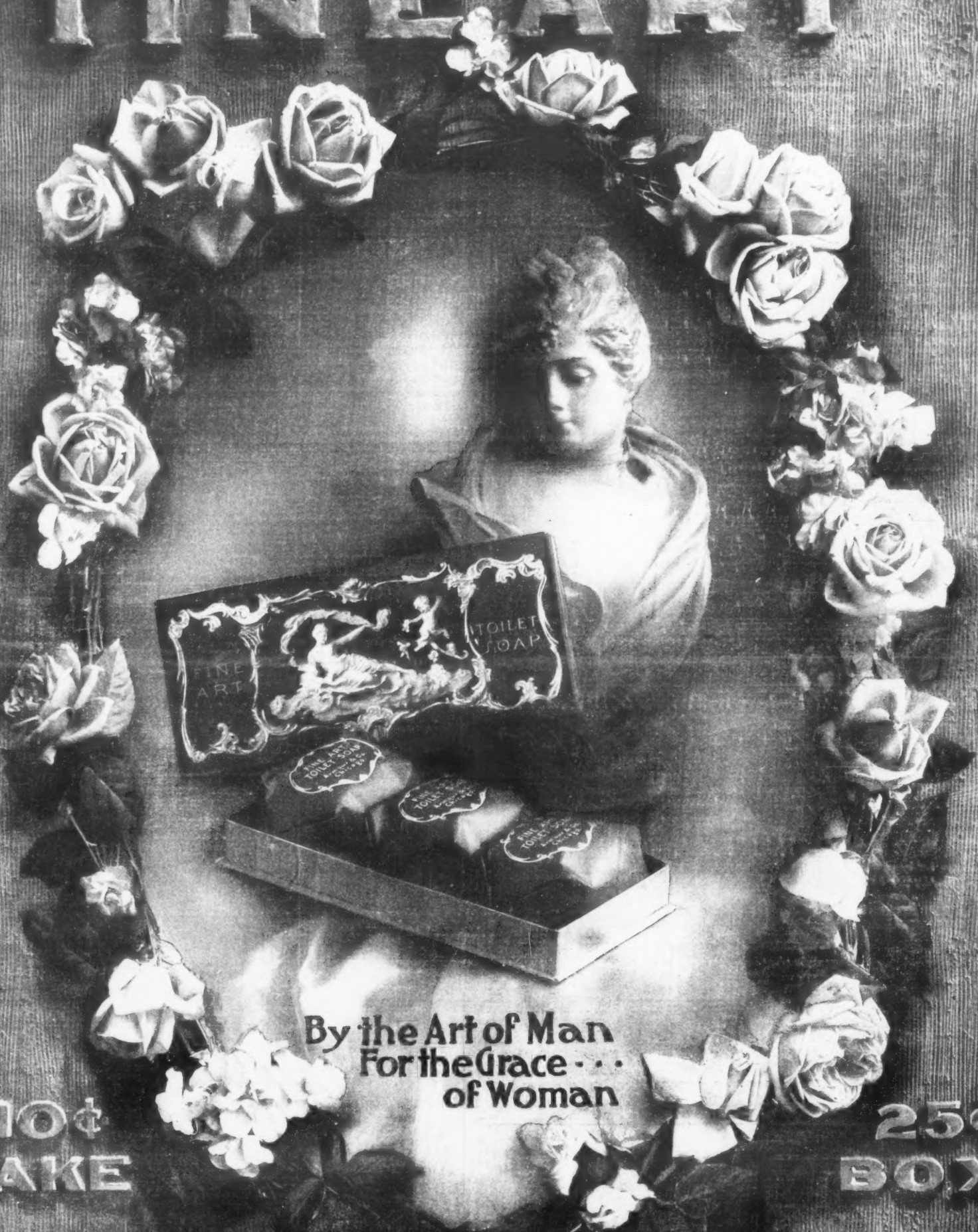
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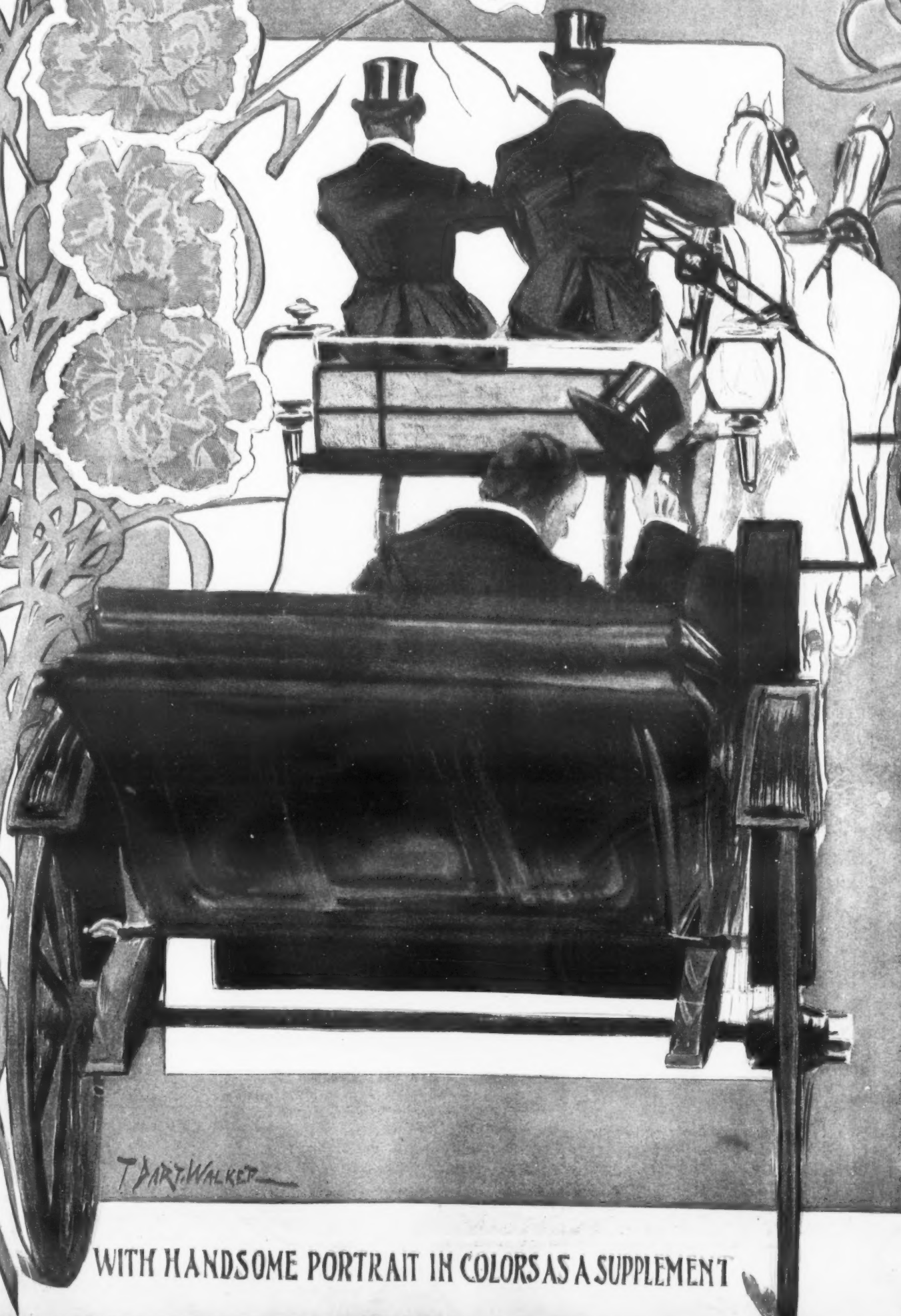
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WITH HANDSOME PORTRAIT IN COLORS AS A SUPPLEMENT

Spring and Summer Fashions, 1901.

It is interesting to note that the spring and summer hats for men show a decided departure from the styles of last season. In general, the crowns are somewhat higher, brims a little narrower; the curl lighter and more in keeping with spring and summer attire. Variations in height, brim, and curl are graduated so as to meet the demands of a rotund or narrow visage; the prevailing shape gives an unusually smart appearance to the average man. The Chantilly hat is the novelty. Made, as its name denotes, after a French model, it has a taper square crown in varying proportions; 5½ inches in depth can be called a high crown in this shape, and this height will probably be the one adopted by those who set the styles in New York. The brim varies in width according to height of crown, the brim used on the 5½-deep hat being 2½ inches. This Chantilly shape will undoubtedly set the fashion in early spring, and continue its popularity into summer as well. It gives a dressy air to the head and shoulders, and, with the new long, close-fitting coat, gives a Parisian flavor to American dress. Following the dictates of fashion, the silk hat is a shade higher in the crown also, with less bell than last season, the curl being light and airy. The soft hat, or Alpine, will be worn in a shape with brim showing more roll and a higher crown. Every well-dressed gentleman's wardrobe will include an Alpine in black and pearl. The latter color will be much in vogue. Those who can afford to be most exacting will wear the Panama, the Palmetto, or the Milan straw, with crowns high and creased and brims well rolled. For popular wear, the sailor shape in racca or rough straw will be in favor; the crown 2¾ inches in depth, with brim 1¾ inches in width. During the past seven years—say from 1893—the hat industry has seen great revolutions. It is true that to-day, as in 1893, all furs are imported, but during the past seven years successful experiments have been conducted in the admixture of furs; in consequence, hats are better made and at a reduced cost to maker and wearer. Five dollars in 1893 was the standard price for a really good hat, but in 1901 a hat wearing just as good, and with just as much style, can be had for three dollars. Improved machinery, increased output, more skilled labor, are in part accountable for this, but the main factor in establishing a three-dollar hat in the confidence of the public was the fact that one maker absolutely guaranteed the wear of his three-dollar hat, and the hat has given and is giving perfect satisfaction. For instance, the Hawes' three-dollar hats, in either Alpines or Derbies, were put upon the market in 1893. In that year less than 2,400 hats were sold, but the sales for the year 1900 were in excess of 300,000. The confidence of the public was protected, and the Hawes hat established a new standard of price for a really good hat—three dollars. These hats are made by the highest class of skilled labor at Hawes, Von Gal & Co.'s factories at Danbury, Conn. The best materials put in by the best labor, under the eye of one of the resident partners of the concern, has insured the uniform good quality of this hat. Another member of the firm attends to the agency end of the business and directs the three Hawes' retail stores in New York and Boston—stores which are undoubtedly the best-appointed hat-stores in the United States. Over 500 agents, from Maine to Mexico; from Portland, Ore., to Pensacola, Fla.; from Montreal, Canada, to Victoria, B. C., handle the Hawes hat—sell it at a uniform price—three dollars—"one quality, one profit, one price," being the policy of this concern; and back of all stands the absolute guarantee from the makers that the hat must wear well or a new one will be substituted. An idea of the varieties of shapes in Derbies and Alpines which this successful house manufactures and retails for three dollars can be had from a perusal of the interesting booklet, "Hawes Hat Fashions," which we have had the pleasure of seeing in the advanced press-proofs, and all readers of *LESLIE'S* can get a copy (and know the latest styles for men) if they write the Hawes Hat Company at either stores in New York or Boston.



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